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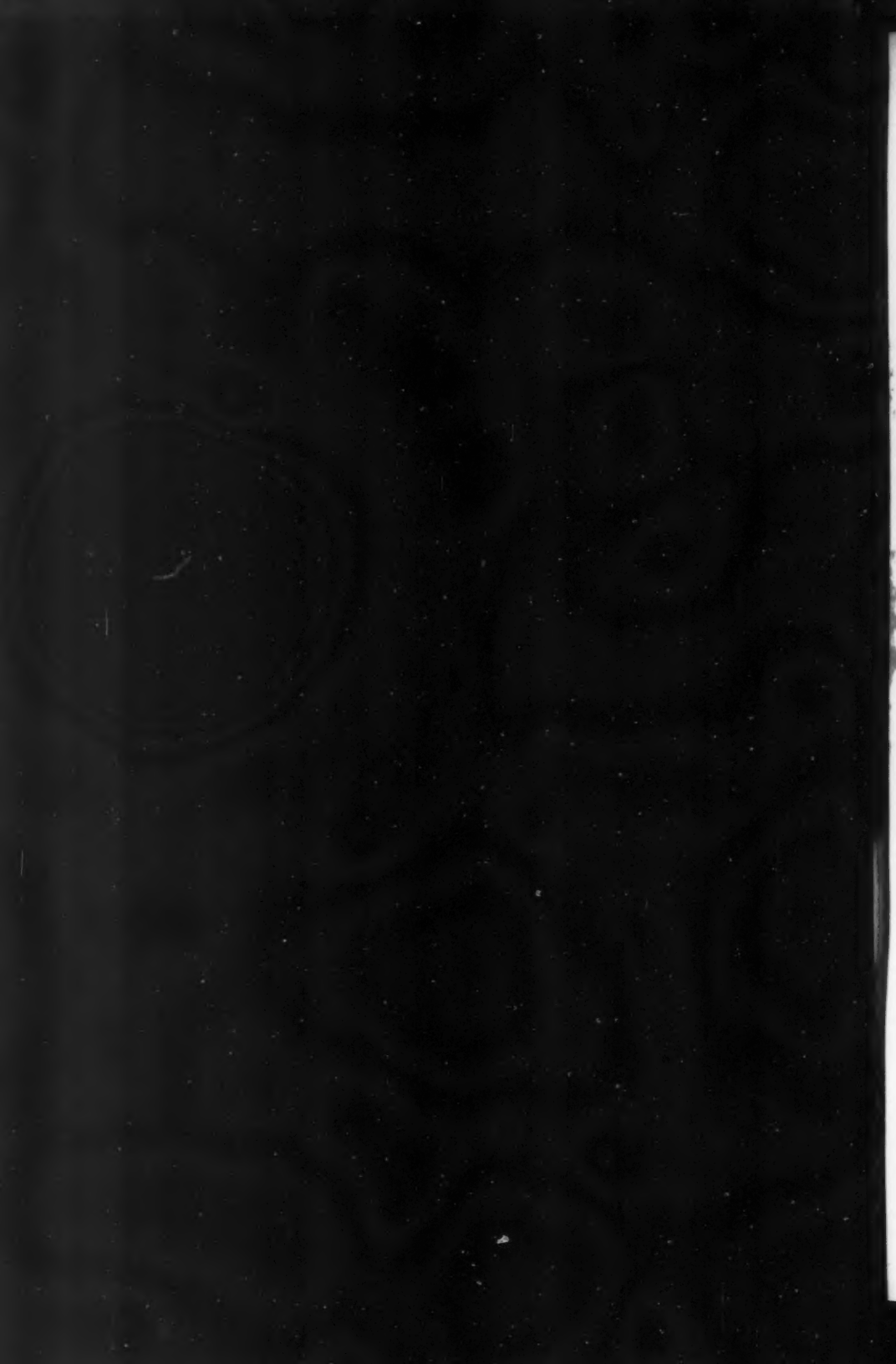
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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series, }  
Volume X. }

No. 2712.—June 27, 1896.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CCIX. }

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## POETRY.

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## TO THE BLACKBIRD.

Bird with the saffron bill,  
Like close-furled crocus bud in early  
spring,  
Thou makest all the bleak and weary  
wold  
Melodiously to ring.

Thy sanctuary gleams like burnished gold;  
The thin larch copse that fronts the wan-  
ing sun,  
This is the haven that thy soul has won;  
Its charms are manifold.

Warm on its banks the shortening sun-  
beams lie,  
Its trembling spires are kindled into  
flames;  
And see the pulsing planet that proclaims  
The night fast drawing nigh.

There, where the shadows yet more closely  
cling,  
Those fluent notes of thine are swift out-  
rolled,  
And the tired shepherd, leaning o'er his  
fold,  
Lingers to hear thee sing.

The rill that babbles on its tortuous way,  
Steals noiselessly along thy calm retreat,  
And Night draws nearer with reluctant  
feet,  
Fearing to hush thy lay.

The amber light fades out along the west,  
And thou art silent; like a half-spent bolt  
With dipping flight thou skir'st the quick-  
ening holt,  
To seek thy new-built nest.

There thy fond mate awaits thee; there  
ere long,  
With head close-tucked beneath thy ebon  
wing,  
Thou'lt hide thy pipe of gold till dawn  
shall bring  
The round world back to song.  
*Chambers' Journal.* ARTHUR WRIGHT.

## LINES

(FREELY ENLARGED FROM VICTOR HUGO).

Like a tiny glint of light piercing through  
the dusty gloom  
Comes her little laughing face through the  
shadows of my room.

And my pen forgets its way as it hears  
her patt'ring tread,  
While ner prattling treble tones chase the  
thoughts from out my head.

She is queen and I her slave, one who  
loves her and obeys,  
For she rules her world of home with  
imperious baby ways.

In she dances, calls me "Dear!" turns the  
pages of my books,  
Thrones herself upon my knee, takes my  
pen with laughing looks,

Makes disorder reign supreme, turns my  
papers upside down,  
Draws me cabalistic signs, safe from fear  
of any frown,

Crumples all my verses up, pleased to  
hear the crackling sound,  
Makes them into balls and then—flings  
them all upon the ground.

Suddenly she flits away, leaving me alone  
again  
With a warmth about my heart, and a  
brighter, clearer brain.

And although the thoughts return that  
her coming drove away  
The remembrance of her laugh lingers  
with me through the day,

And it chances, as I write, I may take a  
crumpled sheet,  
On the which, God knoweth why! read  
my fancies twice as sweet.  
*Spectator.* N. B. B.

## SONG.

April, April,  
Laugh thy girlish laughter;  
Then, the moment after,  
Weep thy girlish tears!  
April, that mine ears  
Like a lover greetest,  
If I tell thee, sweetest,  
All my hopes and fears,  
April, April,  
Laugh thy golden laughter,  
But, the moment after,  
Weep thy golden tears!

*Spectator.*

WILLIAM WATSON.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
PORTRAIT-PAINTING IN ITS HISTORICAL  
ASPECTS.

BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

The whole of our art has been so much influenced by that of the Greeks and Romans that it is obviously necessary in any discussion of the history of portrait-painting to consider what portraiture was like in classical times. The prior art of Egypt may be left aside. To quote Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez: "Painting never became an independent and self-sufficing art in Egypt. It was commonly used to complete sculpturesque effects, and it never freed itself from this subordination." In fact, it had its origin in the painted bas-relief, and it never advanced beyond the process of filling in an outline with flat tints. Obviously this can never give us portrait-painting in the true sense of the term, and it is only with this branch of portraiture that I am here concerned. Classical art has aroused such unbounded enthusiasm, and has been investigated with such loving care that in spite of its remoteness we really know a great deal about it—much more, indeed, than we know of the art of the Middle Ages. But of course there are very serious gaps in our information. And it is precisely in the present subject that one of the biggest of these gaps occurs. We can form a very good idea of what classical painting in general was like from the remains at Pompeii, for though they belong to a comparatively debased period, they are certainly an echo of the finest Greek art. That is to say, the best Greek painting was like that, only a great deal better. But it is a very curious thing that there is practically no portraiture amongst the Pampellian remains. The nearest approach to it is in the great mosaic of the battle of Issus, where the principal figure is certainly meant for Alexander; but it is a very conventionalized rendering, and being in mosaic can give us but little idea of what a painted portrait was like. So that we may take it that there is no direct evidence bearing on our subject until we come to the funeral

portraits found in the Fayoum. These are so late in date and so debased in style that I am afraid they cannot help us much, though I will refer to them further on.

But although direct evidence is wanting, we can form from analogy with the other arts a fairly definite idea of the characteristics of classical portraits. There is little doubt that in the best period of Greek art they were very good indeed. In one particular, that of rendering the essential dignity and beauty of the human face and form, I believe they have never been equalled. This quality is found again in the best times of Italian art, though in a less degree, but it has been generally deficient in the work of even the finest painters of other nations.

Among other characteristics would be, in the first place, great restraint. There were no very powerful effects of light and shade. Although some classical painters obtained renown for their mastery over chiaroscuro, yet we may be very sure that it fell far short of the boldness and resourcefulness of Velasquez and of Rembrandt. Violent gestures, strained attitudes, forced expressions, would assuredly be absent. They were very sparingly used even in subject pictures; for portraits they would be considered quite inadmissible.

Neither the face nor the figure would be shown in positions that require foreshortening. It is one of the most curious generalizations to be made from the paintings and mosaics at Pompeii that there is hardly any foreshortening of human figures. At the most there are a few isolated limbs treated in this way.

The execution would be never rough and coarse; even when slight it would not look unfinished. The coloring would be bright and admirably harmonious.

To modern ideas these portraits might seem a little lacking in character. That is to say, the touch of caricature that we are gradually getting to think is essential to a speaking likeness would certainly be absent. The person would be represented at his best, and if he

were very ugly would often be slightly idealized. Even when an ugly person was faithfully portrayed (and some painters had the reputation of not extenuating defects) there would be a certain suave play of line which would go far to redeem this ugliness. A Greek of the best time must have had a feeling for the gracefulness of a delicately modulated curve that would give a sense of beauty to everything he touched.

So that portraiture amongst the Greeks was, at its best, a most harmonious and dignified art, more beautiful probably in the best sense than it has ever been since. At its worst, still harmonious and decorative, but rather tame and lacking in character.

No doubt it degenerated somewhat when it got into the hands of the Romans. Of course their artists were still mostly Greeks, but they were influenced by the inferior taste of their patrons. Do we not read of a colossal portrait of Nero, one hundred and twenty feet high? It stood in a garden, and must have been one of the most monstrous of sky-signs. Then the exuberance of Roman demands would induce a hasty and mechanical production. We hear, for instance, that Varro had a gallery containing no less than seven hundred portraits. And so the age of shoddy would set in, until the fashionable artist would become a mere manufacturer of graceful inanities.

And here we come at last on direct evidence as to what was the popular taste in portraiture in the second and third centuries of the Christian era. The likenesses of the dead found in the Græco-Roman cemetery of the Fayoum must not, of course, be regarded as good specimens of the art of the time. They were no doubt executed hastily by very inferior practitioners, but they show the prevailing fashion for all that.

It is very curious to see how nearly they resemble the fashionable taste of a very different period—that of the early Victorian era; they have so many of the characteristics of that interesting

though extremely rebased form of art. The eyes are too big, the noses too long, the nostrils too narrow, the mouth too small, the face too oval, the neck too thin, the shoulders too sloping. They seem strangely familiar when one thinks of the fashionable portraiture of some forty or fifty years ago.

And then no doubt this type became gradually less and less human until it developed into the Byzantine formalism such as we see in the celebrated mosaic at Ravenna representing Justinian and Theodora—a work of the sixth century. After this we lose our art for a time, for portrait-painting, as we understand it, can hardly be said to have existed during the early Middle Ages.

We first get a glimpse of it again when Italian painting revived in the person of Giotto. This great innovator was born in 1276 and died in 1336. His influence on art can hardly be overrated, although, of course, his master Cimabue had started the revival to which Giotto gave so remarkable an impetus. To quote Vasari: "He became so good an imitator of nature that he banished the rude Greek manner, restoring art to the better path adhered to in modern times, and introducing the custom of accurately drawing living persons from nature, which had not been used for more than two hundred years." Or, indeed, for much longer. Vasari might have added.

Of course, however ardent an admirer of nature a man may be, the bondage of convention is far too strong to be broken in one lifetime. To his contemporaries Giotto was an audacious realist, probably a *brutal* realist, or even worse, in the language of the art critics of the day. To us his work, though vigorous, is strangely stiff and formal.

His ardent study of nature led him to introduce portraits of his friends into his imaginative works. In the chapel of the Bargello, at Florence, the lower portion of the great fresco of "Paradise" is filled by a procession of citizens, amongst whom is Dante with others of his friends. This very interesting work was discovered in 1840 beneath a coat

of whitewash. It is much damaged, but in spite of this we can gain from it a very clear idea of what the great Dante looked like.

The next decided advance in Italian art was due to Masaccio. He was born in 1402, and with him began the noble array of fifteenth-century masters, who to many of us (though not to myself) are more fascinating than the great painters of the sixteenth century.

As usual, the advance was made by a more strict adherence to nature, and, as usual, the increase of realism produced a great leaning towards portraiture. It was Masaccio who introduced the practice of grouping a crowd of spectators composed of the painter's friends and acquaintances in the midst of the historical scenes he was depicting. This practice was continued with great success by most of the fifteenth-century masters, such as Filippo and Filippino Lippi, Benozzo Gozzoli, and especially Ghirlandajo.

At the same time they had hardly arrived at the modern conception of portraiture; that is, a picture which depends for its sole interest on the likeness of an individual.

The modern practice of having portraits of individuals seems to have sprung up naturally enough with the popularity of easel pictures, and this again was much influenced by the introduction of oil painting. Whether Antonello of Messina really acquired the art from the Van Eycks or from Lucas of Leyden, as some have conjectured, is very doubtful, but it was certainly he who introduced the new art process into Venice, whence it spread all over Italy.

We have now come to the full development of the art of painting that sprang up towards the close of the fifteenth century, and which was chiefly embodied in four great men, Leonardo, Rafael, Michael Angelo, and Titian. All of these were great portrait-painters in the true sense of the term, with the exception of Michael Angelo, who seldom condescended to easel pictures, and who never worked in oil.

The great advance made by the sixteenth-century painters over the pre-Raphaelites was in the much fuller utilization of the resources of *chiaroscuro*. Up to this time the colors used were mostly clear and light, and only so much shading was introduced as was necessary to give relief to the figures. The value of shadow in itself was hardly appreciated—in fact, the whole conception of painting was to show everything as far as possible in a full light.

The great innovator in this matter was Leonardo. Being, as he was, as much a man of science as a painter, the problems of light and shade interested him in both capacities, and he investigated them in something of the modern spirit. By the aid of the knowledge thus acquired he succeeded in giving to his figures a roundness and a relief that had been hitherto unknown. In fact, he carried it so far that they are sometimes over-modelled.

The extraordinary thing about Leonardo is that with his restless activity and length of years he produced so little. Indeed, of all great artists he is the solitary example of unproductiveness. All others (except possibly Giorgione) have been very prolific, some of them too much so.

Fortunately for our purpose, one of the few works of the master that are absolutely authentic and at the same time fairly well preserved is the celebrated "*Mona Lisa*," at the Louvre. The color of the face is a good deal faded, owing, no doubt, to his pernicious habit of glazing thinly over a preparation in monochrome, but the exquisite modelling remains. The delicacy of this modelling and the subtlety of the expression have never been surpassed. It is one of the finest examples of highly finished and elaborate portraiture that exist.

Rafael also was a very fine portrait-painter. Indeed, to those who, like myself, get rather tired of the mannered grace of his religious pictures, there is something very refreshing in the manly vigor and simplicity of his portraits.

But the portrait-painter amongst the

great artists of the Renaissance was undoubtedly Titian. That is to say, he devoted more of his energies to this branch of art, and on the whole with more success than either Rafael or Leonardo. I hold myself that Titian was, on the whole, the greatest painter that ever lived, though not the greatest portrait-painter. It was hardly possible for Titian, with his very elaborate technique, with his habit of keeping pictures by him for years, with occasional retouches until they attained their final perfection, to give to his portraits the absolute vitality that Rembrandt and Velasquez obtained by their much more summary methods. But setting aside a certain lack of spontaneity, Titian's male portraits, with their wonderful dignity and their rich and sober coloring, are as fine as any in the world. His female portraits are apt to be stiff.

It is odd how many fine painters appear to have felt this lack of ease in their female sitters. No doubt it was owing to the extreme gorgeousness of the clothes that the ladies always insisted on putting on for their portraits. The men, leading perforce a more active life, suffered less from this disability. The female portraits of Velasquez are an extreme example of this tyranny of clothes. Even Vandyke with his mannered grace was seldom able to get his women into anything like the easy attitudes that distinguish his men. And certainly the Italian portraits of the best time are very disappointing in this respect. In the National Gallery there is a very striking example of this. Amongst the numerous fine portraits of men by Moroni there is one portrait, of a lady in a red dress sitting in a chair in a most uncomfortable position, which is an extraordinary contrast to the easy and unaffected attitudes of the men. Again, in the same gallery there is the magnificent female portrait by Bordone, which in spite of its magnificence is as stiff and awkward as possible.

We find a very marked example of this falling in one of the most celebrated of Titian's portraits—the one in

the Pitti Palace commonly called "La Bella."

It is in many ways a charming picture, but why could he not have given it the ease and grace of the draped figure in his "Sacred and Profane Love"? Because there, as in other subject pictures, he was able to modify the costume a little to suit his artistic tastes, whilst "La Bella" would have perished sooner than allow the slightest alterations in her uncomfortable finery.

The painter above mentioned, Moroni, is about the first example that we come to of the specialized portraitist such as we know him in modern times—that is, a man whose chief business is the painting of portraits, and whose other work is comparatively unimportant. Moroni's subject pictures are quite uninteresting, and have fallen into merited oblivion, but as a specialist he takes a very high rank. The celebrated "Tailor" in our National Gallery is an admirable example of his skill.

Its great quality is a certain refined and dignified simplicity. The pose and expression are perfectly natural, the coloring is a harmony in grey, the background is a plain tone, and there are no accessories beyond the scissors that he is holding in his hand. The execution is smooth but not tame. Altogether a wonderfully fine example of portraiture pure and simple.

But then what a charming person to paint—really we poor moderns are rather severely handicapped! Where shall we find sitters like this?

We must now leave the Italian school, although of course there are many admirable portrait-painters, especially amongst the Venetians, whom I have left unnoticed. The great characteristic of this school is the feeling for human beauty and human dignity; no doubt this feeling was still greater in classical art, but with this exception it has never been manifested to anything like the same extent by any other school of painting. Dignity is to be found in Spanish art, but certainly not beauty of face or figure, which is also strikingly deficient both in the Flemish and



Dutch schools. Vandyke approached the Italian ideal, but more as an imitator than with real conviction; and the great English school of the eighteenth century showed a wonderful feeling for grace and charm of a somewhat flimsy and superficial order, but certainly fell far short of the robust and magnificent types of the great Italian masters.

There is a special interest attaching to the early Flemish school, for according to all tradition the Van Eyck family were the inventors of oil painting.

There were three members of the family who were renowned artists—Hubert, his younger brother John, and his sister Margaret. Vasari ascribes the invention to John. Of course this has been hotly disputed, and many learned works have been written on the subject—mostly made in Germany.

However that may be, it is John who claims our attention now, for amongst other things he was a very remarkable portrait-painter.

We have in the National Gallery a very admirable specimen of his skill. It is a small picture of a merchant and his wife, done with an exquisiteness of minute finish that is really unsurpassable. Unlike the Moroni, it is very rich in all kinds of accessories, wonderfully painted. The two figures have an immense amount of character, but considered as human beings they are appallingly hideous. One reflects at once how much more beauty would have been shown in an Italian picture of the same date, and is inclined to put it down to the natural ugliness of the Flemish race, when these speculations are suddenly cut short by the discovery that these people are Italians—a certain Arnolfini of Lucca and his wife. They may, of course, have been exceptionally ugly Italians, but I cannot help thinking that the ugliness resides a good deal in the Flemish way of looking at them. A very fine portrait for all that, and, as usual with the Van Eycks, time has had no effect on its vivid pigments.

The invention of oil painting seems to have been complete at its first incep-

tion. The successors of the Van Eycks have never bettered the process.

The great Holbein seems, as regards his method, a direct descendant of these Flemish masters, although he belongs to a different school—the German. He also was a member of an artistic family. His father and (probably) his grandfather before him were called Hans Holbein, and were well-known painters. Hans Holbein the younger was born at Augsburg in 1494 or thereabouts. In 1526 he visited England, where he was received into the family of Sir Thomas More, to whom he brought an introduction from Erasmus. He soon was appointed court painter to Henry the Eighth, and became the fashionable portrait-painter of the day.

There is one well-known anecdote concerning him that has always troubled me. It is said that he was sent to paint the portrait of Anne of Cleves, and that he so flattered the likeness that Henry proposed to the lady on the strength of it, but was bitterly disappointed when he saw the original. Now it is very difficult to believe that Holbein ever flattered anybody. His portraits show him to be the most uncompromising of realists, and bear the stamp of the most minute and subtle accuracy. They are not lovely as a rule, but then human beings are not lovely as a rule. Not being an Italian, he may have missed some of the essential beauty of his sitters, but his portraits are never grotesque and are often dignified. Their chief characteristic is their look of absolute and unrelenting truth.

As a draughtsman Holbein is almost unsurpassable; as a painter he leaves more to be desired. His method is inclined to be dry and hard. It is said that Tintoretto inscribed over his studio, "The drawing of Michael Angelo and the coloring of Titian." In the same way one of the most accomplished of modern artists has told me that his ideal of technique was the drawing of Holbein and the painting of Velasquez. And a very fine ideal too!

I always feel that Holbein, by dint of this supremacy in draughtsmanship,

gives more of the essential character of his sitter than any portrait-painter who has ever lived. He does not give the general aspect as well as Velasquez or Rembrandt, and as pictures his works are distinctly inferior to theirs and to those of the great Italians; but if I wanted to really study the countenance of some great man who has gone, I would rather have a portrait of him by Holbein than by any other painter, however great.

The next school of portraiture to be considered—the Dutch—is, perhaps, as a school, the greatest of all. At the head of it, of course, stands Rembrandt; but there were a great number of other portrait-painters of high merit, and there was a general encouragement of portraiture that must have helped materially to bring out the latent talent of the artists. It was in Holland that the practice sprang up of painting great portrait groups; the mayor and aldermen of a town, the syndics of a guild, or a company of archers making merry—which, indeed, seems to have been their chief occupation. These portrait groups involved problems of extreme difficulty, and the way in which these difficulties were overcome by the chief Dutch painters excites the admiring wonder of every modern artist.

The first really great name that occurs in Dutch painting is Frans Hals. He was born in 1584, and died in 1666. His work can only properly be studied at Haarlem, where there are a number of his great portrait groups, representing mostly companies of arquebusiers. These were a sort of volunteers who existed in Hals's time, less for purposes of national defence than for friendly jollification—something like our Foresters and Odd Fellows, but of a higher social grade.

These groups at Haarlem are distinguished by a most extraordinary vivacity. The men seem to be all laughing and talking in a most animated manner. Their gestures and attitudes are wonderfully lifelike. The composition is varied and skilful, and the general play of color is delightfully fresh and vivid.

But for all this I do not put Frans Hals quite in the first rank of portrait-painters. He has always been famed for his essentially painter-like qualities, but I am very firmly of opinion that this is a mistake. He can brush in a costume or a background with great dash and vigor, but his flesh painting—and this is, after all, the real test—is distinctly inferior. In his heads he is more of a draughtsman than a painter. It is to his marvellous draughtsmanship that he owes the animated expressions for which he is so justly famous. But the heads are not modelled, the features are put in with hard, vigorous lines; there is no fleshiness, no distinction between the bony parts and the softer ones, no delicate rounding of the surfaces. The hair is put in with great coarse strokes like an enlarged drawing. Then the color of the heads is very poor, hardly more than one even tone with coarse brown shadows. He seems to have kept all his fine coloring for his accessories. Of course the painting is vigorous enough, but vigorous painting is not necessarily good painting. Nor do I complain of its being sketchy. Rembrandt's latest work may also be called sketchy, but it is full of the most subtle truth; whereas Frans Hals's heads are neither true nor subtle.

But for all that no one has ever put more life into an expression.

As a contrast we will take the work of Van der Helst, who was a little later in date, as he was born in 1613. His *chef-d'œuvre* is the "Banquet of the Civic Guard on the Solemnization of the Peace of Westphalia," now in the museum of Amsterdam. It is an immense picture, containing twenty-five figures of the size of life.

All these figures and the numberless accessories are finished with the highest degree of minuteness. Nothing is scamped, nothing is sacrificed. There is not a tumbler nor a piece of bread that is not admirably well painted, and yet the whole is harmonious and well balanced. The miracle of it is that such a high level of successful achievement has been kept up without faltering

throughout the whole of this immense picture. Every head is admirable in character. Every figure is finely drawn and posed with the utmost skill. But perhaps the most extraordinary part of the picture is the hands. There is nothing in which even the greatest painters more often fail than in the hands, and yet here we have them in every conceivable position, all faultlessly drawn and painted, and with so much individual character that it has been said of them, that if they were cut out and thrown in a heap one could select with ease the hands that fitted each of the heads. When we come to painters like Vandyke, who gave everybody the same hands, or like Sir Joshua and Gainsborough, who seldom drew them even decently, we shall be able to appreciate at its just value this great achievement of Van der Helst. Lest my enthusiasm for this picture may seem excessive, I may mention that Sir Joshua Reynolds, of all people, pronounced it "perhaps the finest picture of portraits in the world, comprehending more of those qualities which make a perfect portrait than any other I have ever seen." I do not go as far as this, for the flesh painting is not nearly as fine as Rembrandt's, and the coloring, although good, is not that of a born colorist. But in certain qualities I think this picture has never been beaten.

I must add that in no other work that I have seen of his has Van der Helst ever approached this high level. There is another large group at Amsterdam which is distinctly inferior, and his single figures are as a rule tame and uninteresting.

In point of time, Rembrandt came between the two painters I have just described, for he was born at Leyden in 1607.

To the best of my judgment, he and Velasquez are the greatest portrait-painters that have ever lived.

Like all great artists, Rembrandt's work underwent a gradual evolution. His early style is rather smooth, and, although broad in treatment, is marked by great delicacy of detail. In the por-

trait of himself at our National Gallery, at the age of thirty-three, there are separate hairs at the end of the moustache drawn with the utmost fineness. Then he gradually adopted the very rough and vigorous method of his later years. But in each style he was admirable. The celebrated "Lesson of Anatomy" at the Hague is the finest example extant of his earlier style. It was painted in 1632, when he was only twenty-five.

We find in it, already fully developed, his mastery over light and shade; but it is perhaps hardly so skilful in arrangement as some of his later works.

What is very noteworthy in this early work is that the heads, although smoothly painted, are quite as vigorous as in his later and much rougher style. Of course the reason is (though this is often overlooked) that vigor of effect depends on truth of tone and strength of light and shade, and not on thickness and roughness of paint. Rembrandt's later style was finer than his earlier because it gave more truly the impression of texture; also the work was done more rapidly and with more ease. Consequently it was more masterly—but it was not more effective.

It is this essential truth and vigor that, to my mind, constitute Rembrandt's chief claim to be one of the two greatest portrait-painters of the world. For his mastery over chiaroscuro I think he has been overpraised. This mastery he undoubtedly has, and in many of his pictures it is used most worthily to enhance the general effect, but in others it is employed in an exaggerated and unnatural manner, and degenerates into something very like a trick.

For instance, the wonderful picture which used to be called "The Night Watch" got its misnomer by reason of the excessive darkness of its shadows. And it certainly does look very like a night effect. As a matter of fact, it was meant for daylight, and indeed for actual sunlight!

It is true that the picture may have darkened a good deal, but we know from contemporary records that it was

always very low in tone. Samuel Van Hoogstraten, Rembrandt's pupil, says of it: "It is so picturesque, so beautiful in its arrangement, and so powerful, that by its side, in the opinion of many, other canvases look like playing cards. Nevertheless" (he goes on to say), "*I could have wished a little more light.*" And I wish it too. Hoogstraten's praise is not nearly warm enough for its picturesque qualities; the heads are splendid, the composition is admirable, and the coloring extremely rich and harmonious, but I feel very strongly that the light and shade is forced and artificial to the last degree, and that good honest daylight, to say nothing of sunlight, is far too fine in itself to be played tricks with in this way. To my mind a finer, because a simpler and more natural, picture is that of "The Syndics of the Clothworkers' Guild," also at Amsterdam.

This was painted in 1661, when he was in the fulness of his powers. It is simply a representation of five respectable merchants seated round a table with their servant waiting on them. Yet such is the quiet mastery of this picture that I am inclined to transfer to it the title Sir Joshua gave to the *chef-d'œuvre* of Van der Helst—the finest portrait-picture in the world. The heads are magnificent, the lighting is perfectly simple and consistent, and the color is as fine a combination of rich red, golden grey and black, as one could wish to see. The grouping, too, is wonderful in its quiet effectiveness. But yet to my prosaic mind there is one undoubted drawback: the perspective is perfectly insane. The table, covered with a red cloth which is as fine a mass of one color as I have ever seen in a picture, is obviously looked at from below—for we do not see the top of it. Yet the heads are certainly not looked at from below, and the lines of the woodwork behind them are absolutely inconsistent with this view of the table.

Many people, especially of the superior order, will say that it does not matter in the least. I think it does matter, but that nevertheless the pic-

ture is one of the finest portrait groups in the world, if not *the* finest.

Many of Rembrandt's isolated portraits are equally masterly, but I have dwelt on these groups, as the painting of combined portraits is much more difficult than the painting of single figures, and there are far fewer artists who have succeeded in it.

I have already intimated that the one rival of Rembrandt in his own line is Velasquez; indeed, in some respects I should be inclined to put the Spaniard above the Dutchman.

The former, although a master of chiaroscuro, did not play the same tricks with it as the latter. His coloring, too, though not so alluring as his rival's, is free from that somewhat artificial golden-brown tone which gives to many of Rembrandt's pictures a touch of mannerism. On the other hand, Velasquez was so far influenced by the excessive formality of his courtly surroundings that his portraits were often a little stiff. From this Rembrandt was absolutely free.

Velasquez was born in 1599, so he was Rembrandt's senior by eight years. Unlike Holland, Spain could not boast in his time of a large and flourishing school of portrait-painters. Good portraits were produced by Murillo and others, but practically the *great* Spanish school of portraiture may be said to begin and end with Velasquez.

Like Rembrandt, he gradually worked up to the masterly and summary handling that distinguishes his later style through an early period which was characterized by great precision and some hardness. Indeed, it may be laid down as a general law in painting (a law to which I should like to call the attention of my friends the Impressionists), that the only way to arrive at a really masterly sketchiness is to do a great deal of preliminary work in a very precise and careful style. Even when the method of Velasquez was most rapid and summary, it never degenerated into carelessness; indeed, he was one of the few court painters who have been able to resist the deteriorating influences of his surroundings.

Holbein was another, but they were no doubt both of them men of very exceptional character.

These surroundings, however, although they did not degrade the man, have undoubtedly endangered his reputation as a painter, for the constant demand for replicas of his royal portraits necessitated his setting up a workshop, where these replicas were produced by his assistants. Although he never did careless work himself, yet he made himself responsible for a great deal of work that was done by inferior hands. It is this question of the workshop that makes it so enormously difficult to be sure of the genuineness of any reputed work of the master. For instance, there were lately exhibited at the New Gallery about forty pictures assigned to Velasquez, but I think most good judges will say that not more than six or seven of them at the outside are by his hand.

That Velasquez when he had a good chance could manage a portrait group as well even as the Dutch painters can be seen from the magnificent picture of the "Surrender of Breda," commonly called "The Lances," of which there was a poor copy at the New Gallery.

This is something half-way between a portrait piece and an historical painting, and is of the highest excellence in either aspect. The composition is original and striking to the last degree. None but the boldest genius could have ventured on the line of spears that rise up into the sky on the right-hand half of the picture. But the success of this startling arrangement is so obvious that from it the picture has obtained its popular title. And from the point of view of portraiture nothing can excel the dignity and distinction of the principal figure, the Marquess of Spinola receiving with a magnificent courtesy the keys of the fortress from the vanquished General Justin de Nassau.

This is not so strictly speaking a portrait group as "The Syndics," but in its own very different line it is an equally unapproachable masterpiece.

To return now to the Flemish school as embodied in Vandyke—a man of great talent, but who, I consider, has had an unfortunate influence upon art.

He was born at Antwerp in 1590—the same year as Velasquez. He became the pupil of Rubens, a bad master for a youth gifted with such a fatal facility as Vandyke. Fortunately for himself, he took a journey to Italy when he was quite a young man, and, conceiving a warm admiration for Titian and the other great Italian painters, he adopted a style much finer in every way than the sloppy exuberance of his master, whom I have always regarded as a strangely overrated painter.

Vandyke's best portraits were undoubtedly painted during his stay in Italy; but he was not a court painter then, and was not pushed to too rapid production by popularity and extravagance.

In 1632 he settled in England, when his success was immediate. In that same year he was knighted and was appointed painter to Charles the First. He died in the winter of 1641, at the early age of forty-two.

His productiveness during this short period was extraordinary and, I may add, lamentable. He was a weak man and very extravagant, so that his studio became at last a mere manufactory of mannered and superficial portraits. Here is an account, given by one of his friends, of his method of work:—

He never worked longer than one hour at a time upon each portrait. When his clock told the hour he rose and made a bow to the sitter, as much as to say that enough was done for that day, after which his servant came to prepare fresh brushes and palette, while he received another person to whom he had given an appointment.

After having lightly sketched the face, he put the sitter in an attitude which he had previously meditated, and with grey paper and black and white crayons he drew in a quarter of an hour the figure and drapery, which he arranged in a grand manner and with exquisite taste. He then handed over the drawing to skillful persons whom he had about him to



paint it from the sitter's own clothes, which were sent on purpose at Vandyke's request. The assistants having done their best with the draperies from nature, he went lightly over them, and soon produced by his genius the art and truth which we there admire. As for the hands, he had in his employment persons of both sexes who served as models.

This is a manufactory with a vengeance. It is quite unlike that of Velasquez, where the assistants were only employed in copying the master's work.

We shall find Vandyke's sort of manufactory reproduced with great fidelity by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The models who served for the hands are a very fatal feature. I believe Vandyke was the first portrait-painter to discard all individuality in the hands. Unfortunately his example has been widely followed, with the worst consequences to our art.

Of course it takes a great deal to destroy such very remarkable gifts as Vandyke was endowed with, and during the worst fever of this over-production he still painted occasional masterpieces. But the stamp of mannerism lay heavily on most of his work. There is a distinct lack of individuality. Many of his portraits have a strong family likeness; in the poorer specimens the coloring became weak and the handling mechanical.

Unlike most of his predecessors, Vandyke paid great attention to female portraiture, and during his stay in Italy he produced some admirable examples. During his career in England they became much more stiff and mannered, and more subject to that tyranny of clothes to which we have already alluded.

It was the beginning of a decadence which became more marked in his followers, as it passed from Sir Peter Lely to Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Up to this time the chief painters in England had been imported foreigners; and it is a very remarkable thing that, in a country that had hitherto suffered from such a striking lack of native talent, there should spring up suddenly,

in the middle of the eighteenth century, a truly British school of painting, with three men of undoubted genius at the head of it.

Reynolds was born in 1723, Gainsborough in 1727, Romney in 1734.

Reynolds died in 1792, outliving Gainsborough by four years. Romney died only four years later than Reynolds. So that for a long period they were all working side by side. And although there were interesting differences in their methods, they all had the same conception of portraiture. It was a kind of revival of the best traditions of Vandyke, and, it must be added, of some of the worst also.

They were all three pre-eminently successful with women. Indeed, for the first time since the classical epoch had female portraiture completely emancipated itself from the tyranny of stiff clothes and of consequently stiff attitudes. They all three gave the special charm and grace of womanhood in a way which has never been seen before or since—not even I believe, as regards specific charm, in those classical times when they had a far higher ideal of feminine beauty.

The male portraits are on the whole less satisfactory. Now and then they attain a very high level, especially in the work of Sir Joshua, who was distinctly the manliest painter of the three; but the weaker examples fall very far below the standard of the great masters. No amount of grace and charm will quite compensate for the absence of a body beneath the fine clothes, for hands that are so weak and sketchy as to be almost non-existent—in short, for a general lack of firm and vigorous drawing.

Like Vandyke, they were all three immensely prolific. Sir Joshua, who was a very methodical man, has left us his note-books, with a careful record of his various sitters. From them we learn that in the year 1758, when he was thirty-five years of age, he had no less than one hundred and fifty sitters. This was his best year, but he had one hundred and forty-eight in the following year, and he kept up an average of



about one hundred and twenty for a long period.

Gainsborough and Romney hardly equalled his enormous productiveness, as they were less methodical men; but judged by modern standards their output also would be considered colossal.

Of course, the question immediately arises how it was humanly possible to go on painting good pictures at such a rate as this. The answer, to my mind, is simple enough. It was not possible. When they had sitters that pleased them, or when for one reason or another they put out their full strength, these men of genius produced admirable pictures, and from these pictures they have deservedly gained their great reputation.

But their average work was very slight and very scamped, and their poorest work was very poor indeed, ill drawn, conventional in attitude and expression, and with very little of the individuality that marks a good portrait. Like Vandyke, they were spoilt to a great extent by becoming the fashion. It was the manufactory over again. We have an account from Northcote of Sir Joshua's house in Leicester Square, where he painted from 1760 to the end of his life. His own studio was a small one, about twenty feet long and sixteen in breadth, but there was a long gallery in which were exhibited the principal pictures he had on hand, and there were numerous rooms for his pupils, copyists, and drapery men, of whom he had a considerable staff. His pupils served also as models for hands and draperies.

As in the case of Vandyke, there was a constant stream of sitters through the studio. They all sat in the same chair, in the same light. The master painted their heads very methodically, laying them in with a very simple palette consisting of three or four colors only, and then glazing them with two or three more, and then they were handed on to the drapery men, to put in the clothes and backgrounds. On these Sir Joshua subsequently worked a little apparently without the sitter, and mostly in the direction of giving a

broader and more general effect, for Sir Joshua was great on generalization.

The wonder is that with this routine such undoubted masterpieces were produced; but my point is that these masterpieces are but a small proportion of the whole body of the works.

Gainsborough is the most unequal of the three. A really poor Gainsborough—and there are many of them—is an abominably ill-drawn, flimsy caricature of humanity, but at his best he carries the essential charm of the school further than either of his rivals. He was also, I think, the most original of the three. His method was invented by himself, and is very curious and interesting. Here is an account of it by an eye-witness:—

I was much surprised to see him sometimes paint portraits with pencils on sticks full six feet in length, and his method of using them was this. He placed himself and his canvas at a right angle with the sitter, so that he stood still and touched the features of his picture exactly at the same distance at which he viewed his sitter.

This method in his best work gave a delightful lightness of execution. In his worst it degenerates into an abominable scratchiness.

I say but little about Romney, as he is distinctly the least interesting of the three; yet he also produced an occasional masterpiece. Many of his numerous portraits of Lady Hamilton are endowed with extraordinary fascination, whilst the little head in the National Gallery called "The Parson's Daughter" is quite an epitome of the merits of the school. It is extraordinarily empty. There is hardly any modelling—the eyes, nostrils, and mouth just touched in with a few strokes of the brush, the whole thing so slight in painting that the canvas scarce seems covered. And yet all the essential charm is there. It is really miraculous that so much can be suggested by such slight means. This is an undoubted masterpiece.

Sir Joshua's "Dr. Johnson" is certainly one of the best examples of what he could achieve in male portraiture.

Neither Gainsborough nor Romney can touch him here.

There is for once no trace of convention. Indeed, the doctor hardly lends himself to it. The character of the heavy, uncouth, intellectual head has been rendered in the most masterly manner, with, as usual, an extraordinary economy of means. Perhaps this economy is carried a little far. Rembrandt would have given us more, and so would Velasquez. But still, as regards the head, all the essentials are there. The hand, as usual, is abominable.

And here I must sum up my quarrel with these men of genius who embody such a brilliant epoch of English painting. They have certainly rendered the grace and charm of womanhood in a quite unequalled manner. But grace and charm are not everything. I consider that an ideal of womanhood which is founded almost exclusively on grace and charm is a very poor ideal.

And not only is their ideal a very flimsy one, but the way in which they allowed it to swallow up the individuality of their sitters is fatal to the highest portraiture. There is an astounding similarity of type throughout the school. Were none of their innumerable female sitters ever broad shouldered? Had they none of them big firm mouths and square jaws? They cannot all have been slim and dainty. Had none of them the magnificent, robust type of the Venus of Milo or of the women of Titian?

Indeed, we may go much further. Some of them must have been fat. Do we ever find a stout woman in the painting of this school? And some of them must have been short and squat, and some of them must have been downright ugly. But we never see them.

I am aware that there is the most extraordinary and even uncanny power of adaptation in the female form to the prevailing fashion, but it is not unlimited. For instance, it is now the fashion for women to be tall, and it is remarkable how many of them contrive to be in the fashion; but there are exceptions. In these charming portraits

there seem to be practically no exceptions to the prevailing type. Decidedly there must have been a great lack of sincerity in these courtly painters, and I maintain most strongly that for the very highest portraiture sincerity is an essential.

This is the last of the great epochs of portrait-painting. There was nothing abroad of anything like similar merit, and in our own country that very able painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence, started a period of decadence that reached its lowest depth in the horrors of the early Victorian era.

About modern painters I had rather hold my tongue. I am a man of peace, and, all unworthy as it is, I still hold my life dear. But I may perhaps muster up courage to say a few words as to the general tendency of modern portrait-painting.

In the first place, it is very varied and highly experimental. We are always trying new effects of light and shade, new methods of handling, new harmonies of color, to say nothing of new discords. And this, I think, is good in the main. The tendency in all art to convention is so strong, and so fatal when yielded to, that this wholesale seeking after new methods is, I believe, a wholesome sign. But there should be some moderation in it. We are ready enough to condemn the seeking after novelty for mere novelty's sake in the fashions of female dress. We talk of the silliness and vulgarity of this restless love of change, but we forget that a similar feeling in art is even more vulgar. It should be no recommendation for a style of painting to be new if it is not good also. This may sound a very obvious truism, but it needs enforcing for all that. I have not yet in modern art come across a portrait of a gentleman standing on his head, but I have no doubt I shall do so.

Then, again, I am old fogey enough to consider that a portrait ought to resemble the person it is meant for. I am aware that this is a very bold assertion on my part, and may subject me to a great deal of hostile criticism. Per-

haps, indeed, I have stated it a little too strongly, but this I must adhere to—that a portrait ought at least to resemble a human being.

From Longman's Magazine.  
THE LITTLE LEGACY.

"Wealth often sows in keeping."

QUARLES.

"A hundred thousand is such a good round sum," said Mr. Mapleson tentatively. "Seems a pity to spoil the symmetry of it, eh? Any little odds and ends that might be over"—and he looked at his client, as though feeling his way, with the caution habitual to a confidential adviser upon delicate ground.

"It might be more than odds and ends," replied the client.

"Of course—of course. Might run up to another 'century,' or—to anything you please. But as it stands you wish to leave a hundred thousand—the amount of your actual capital at the present moment—to your nearest of kin, Mr. Charles Grenoble; and there are a few hundred over—"

"A thousand," corrected the client.

"A thousand. And there may be a few more thousands—there *may* be, as I said, anything you like to name. Should it amount to any decent sum—say, to ten or twenty—nothing would be easier than to add this on; but meantime—hum, ha—is there no one? Have you no poor devil of a relation to whom such a trifle—"

"You have some one in your eye." Mr. Grenoble, the Mr. Grenoble whose will was being made, was a man of quick intelligence, and knew his old friend in and out. "Out with it, Mapleson. Of whom are you thinking?"

"Ha! ha! ha! 'Pon my word—" the lawyer laughed, played with his pen, and shot a glance. He had not meant to be detected in a stray impulse; and, moreover, was not precisely sure whether detection might not defeat his object. "You are so uncommonly sharp," he murmured, "that—well—it's no use beating about the bush with you;

I had best own up, I suppose; there is that poor fellow, Tom Hathaway—"

"Oh, bother Tom Hathaway!"

"He is some sort of cousin, isn't he?"

"Cousin? What's a cousin?" The rich Mr. Grenoble frowned and growled over his basin of soup. He was an invalid for the time being, and had summoned his solicitor to his sick-room, having, as he said, a day or two leisure wherein to look into his affairs.

"If one were to take into consideration every poor, shiftless hanger-on who calls himself a cousin—"

"Quite so, quite so. It is simply folly to fritter away capital in dribbles. I catch your meaning; and we are quite at one on the point. Still"—the lawyer yawned, and shifted his leg—"still Tom is a decent fellow; and I fancy, with a wife and a large family, must find it rather a struggle—"

"What business has a man in his position with a wife and a large family?"

"None whatever, of course," said Mr. Mapleson cheerfully. "You and I, two jolly bachelors—" and he proceeded to enlarge.

It took an hour's time, but ere the close of the interview he had gained his point. For each objection raised he had a cordial assent; in all general condemnation of poor men, and the desirability of ignoring their existence, and leaving them to lie upon the bed themselves had made, he could promptly acquiesce; but insensibly the wealthy testator found himself being led, first to argue the pros and cons of the case in question, then to yield a sort of tacit consent, fenced in by many a reservation; and finally to permit the clause to be added which his legal adviser had intended to add from the beginning of the conversation.

"Now, what on earth did I do that for?" muttered the latter to himself as, the business concluded, he went his way. "It has cost me a lot of time and trouble; and, except for the pleasure of getting my own way. I can't imagine what object I had in view. Benevolence isn't in my line. And it's a queer sort of thing that the sight of a man's

face, and a few ordinary words let fall in my hearing—not even addressed to me—should have stirred up all this coil! It's not likely to do any good either. Grenoble may live for twenty years, and pile up his 'centuries' like W. G. Grace. He will be sending for me again before I can look round, to make a new will, and bowl out poor Tom. Gad! I wish I had let Tom alone! It is two o'clock now," consulting his watch, "and I ought to have lunched at one; and though I told Grenoble that it was no matter, when he was sitting sipping his slops in his comfortable armchair, I didn't bargain for having to go without food until an hour beyond my usual time. What did I do it for, I say?" proceeded the lawyer testily. "Because I am an old fool, and Tom Hathaway's hungry face—there he is now coming out of a tea shop!" suddenly bending forward, as his hansom whirled rapidly along the Strand. "Had a roll and butter for his luncheon, I dare say—and some coffee, or disgusting trash of that kind! No wonder he looks white and thin! Digestion all gone to the dogs, I'll be bound. Faith! Tom, if you knew what I've been doing for you just now," apostrophizing the unconscious pedestrian who hurried past, and was soon lost in the crowd, "you'd hold your shoulders a little straighter, my man! But it'll all come to nothing—it'll all come to nothing," mused Mr. Herbert Mapleson, his busy mind again at work on contingencies and probabilities. "Tom's little legacy will never come off, I shouldn't mind betting a hundred to one. Lucky he doesn't know of it! 'Blessed are they which expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.'" And dismissing the subject from his thoughts, the prosperous man of business settled down to other matters, which demanded the whole of his time and attention until the close of the day.

Nothing was further from his anticipations than to have it recalled within the week—almost, as he declared among his colleagues, before the ink was dry upon the parchment—by the swift development of his old friend's com-

plaint, ending as it did in Mr. Grenoble's decease before the lapse of another month.

"Bless my soul! if Tom Hathaway hasn't come in for that legacy after all! I—pon my word—I little thought I was doing Tom such a good turn."

It was not perhaps strictly decorous, but this was, as a fact, Mr. Mapleson's first thought on receiving the intelligence.

He had been prepared for it. The doctors had looked serious from the day on which a change set in and new symptoms appeared (that being, as we have said, very shortly after the interview above narrated took place); in consequence our legal friend had had time to acclimatize himself to the idea, and to ponder at intervals over the contents of the will which he had so recently drawn up; also to heave an easy sigh now and again on the altar of friendship.

But he had never known Mr. Grenoble intimately; their relations had always been more or less on a business footing; and he knew so many people—met so many familiar countenances every day—had such innumerable interests, and such a cool head and heart wherewith to meet them—that one loss in the large circle of his acquaintance—one, moreover, which did not enter into his daily life—could not be expected to affect him deeply.

Furthermore there was a "big thing" on the Stock Exchange which interested Mr. Mapleson very keenly indeed. He could not quite make up his mind about it; it might be that he was losing a chance; on the other hand he was disinclined to meddle with any of his investments, and had no loose money handy at the moment. He was almost worried about the matter; and had nearly decided to let things go, and turn a deaf ear to the crowings over their luck which fortunate speculators kept pouring into his ear, when the post brought him a large fee which came in a manner unexpectedly—that is to say, he had not reckoned upon its payment before a later date. He took the cheque and looked at it; then he rang the bell.

Within half an hour his broker on 'Change had received an order. This was on the day of Mr. Grenoble's demise.

It was a matter of course that Mr. Mapleson should attend the funeral, which followed within the week; and he reflected that after discharging that unpleasant duty—for the day was bitterly cold and raw, and the long, slow drive to Kensal Green, in addition to the rest of the ceremonial, was a detestable prospect—he should at least have some gratification in the two legal communications regarding the nature of the will, which would fall to his pen. One of these, indeed, he dashed off through his clerk as he was putting on his great coat.

"Poor Tom Hathaway will go home a trifle warmer this wretched evening! If he carries this note in his waistcoat pocket," reflected he, briskly moving about and turning over papers to make sure that nothing was forgotten.

"I shan't return to the office, Williams," aloud to the confidential clerk. "It will be late before I get back from the cemetery, and Mr. Charles Grenoble may wish me to go with him to his house. But mind that I get all notes and letters which come in before the office closes, as soon afterwards as possible. Bring them to me yourself. And if Mr. So-and-So should send over (naming his broker) go and see him yourself; tell him where I am gone, and if he has any message of importance, ask him either to wire or to give you a note. Prepare the draft for Mr. Charles Grenoble, and bring it to me to sign. I don't think there is anything else;" and taking up his hat and gloves the speaker, somewhat ruefully, quitted his snug chamber and prepared to brave the raw atmosphere of a November afternoon.

But few of those who had known the late Mr. Grenoble cared to do the same; and it appeared that on the return journey his nephew and only relation present was about to drive alone in the mourning coach which had followed next the hearse in the outward-bound procession, when on a sudden Mr. Ma-

pleson took a resolution. He had been somewhat coldly greeted by the principal mourner, for whom he had neither liking nor esteem—and it may be added that he had merely thrown in the suggestion of going to Mr. Charles Grenoble's house, above recorded, as an excuse for not returning to the City rather than from any real intention of carrying it into effect—but it occurred to him now that it might be rather an amusing experience to try the effect of unbosoming himself regarding the will he had drawn up a month before, when alone with the principal legatee.

"Whatever he may *expect*, he can't be *certain* of anything," reflected the lawyer shrewdly, "and I should doubt if he even has any great expectations. There was no love lost between the two. They kept aloof from each other as much as they could, and snapped and snarled when they had to meet. They were as like as two peas—a couple of surly, selfish, ill-conditioned peas. But 'tis ill speaking hard words of the dead," hastily covering his head again, as the group moved away from the grave. "I oughtn't to have been thinking such things just now," with a twinge of remorse, "and perhaps poor Charles Grenoble," casting a glance in the latter's direction, "would be hurt and affronted if he knew. He *may* have some feeling, for all that stucco face. Anyhow he'll look sweet for once, when he hears he has come in for a hundred thousand pounds. That's a lubrication adamant itself can't resist. He might even give me some of the handling of it," and Mr. Mapleson was presently by the other's side.

"If you have no objection I shall ride home with you?" And a somewhat stiff assent having been signified, the coach started with its two occupants.

"You will receive a formal communication from me in the course of this evening, Mr. Grenoble." ("May as well begin at once," cogitated the lawyer, feeling that the sooner the ice was broken the better.) Then he emitted a little preliminary cough, and straightened his collar. "I dare say that its



contents will be no surprise." Here the speaker paused, awaiting some sign of interest. None came.

"Being the late Mr. Grenoble's natural heir"—(another pause; Mr. Charles Grenoble looked straight in front of him)—"you are of course prepared to hear that he has made a will in your favor." Still no response.

("Won't commit himself," muttered Mapleson internally. "Uncivil brute, as he always was!")

"I drew it up a month ago," proceeded he aloud, "and am pleased to be able to inform you—"("Hanged if I am pleased," mental comment)—"that the amount of your uncle's capital at that time was a hundred thousand pounds; which sum is left to you unconditionally. Your uncle was worth a hundred thousand odd, I should say—for there was a trifle over, how much I don't quite know—bequeathed to another and more distant relation."

"To whom?" For the first time the fixed, immovable lips parted; but the head did not turn—no, not a hair's breadth—towards Mr. Charles Grenoble's companion.

"To whom? To your cousin, Mr. Thomas Hathaway. Mr. Hathaway—"

"I have no interest in Mr. Hathaway."

"Ah, indeed; no family intercourse. Yes, I suppose so; I understood as much; but Mr. Grenoble thought—"

A wave of the other's hand disposed of Mr. Grenoble's thoughts.

("What on earth—is he not going to say *anything*? Was there ever such a— Confound it! I wish I had not let myself in for this! Devil take him and his hundred thousand!") The lawyer's temper was rising; Mr. Mapleson was not a man to be treated with indignity; and the present rebuff was the more acutely felt in that he had prepared himself for something altogether different.

He would have had no objection to a passage at arms with Mr. Charles Grenoble at any time; even coldness and silence could have had their tit-for-tat on any other occasion. But to have somewhat genially broached a subject,

confident of its favorable reception, one which should have obtained at least a civil hearing, and display of interest, if not of warmth—and to have been snubbed—yes, actually snubbed—as though he had made an officious and altogether superfluous communication, was intolerable.

He drew himself upright in his corner, vowing inwardly that he had learned a lesson in mankind. Even the acquisition of a hundred thousand pounds would not make a cur less a cur for a single fraction of a minute, than he was by nature.

Certes, if silence were the order of the day, he would not again essay to break it. He too could look gloomily out of his window, and occupy himself with his own reflections.

He had enough to think about, in all conscience. Perhaps at that very time he was making a handsome *coup* on 'Change, one which should bring him in, if not a hundred thousand, at any rate what would be a very solid addition to his already flourishing income. He would be pleased enough to net his six or seven thousand, and would not be above owning it. Indeed, he frankly avowed to himself that the telling his friends, and chuckling over his good fortune with them, would be the "milk in the cocoanut" of the whole proceeding.

Mr. Mapleson was not an avaricious man, and had already all his wants supplied, together with a future comfortably provided for. But it was his theory that no man of sense ever despised wealth; and since he himself was ready to acknowledge this opinion—to proclaim and justify it, if need were—it was unendurable in his eyes that a professed money-grubber, such as he had always held Mr. Charles Grenoble to be, should stroke his impassive face and stare vacantly from the window, affecting indifference to the important news he had just heard. Worse than all, that he should have the cool audacity to imagine that any one, least of all his clever self, could be deceived by such a clumsy piece of acting.



As soon as decency permitted, he would end the scene and escape from the thrall of such companionship—never, he swore to himself, to be caught in such a trap again—and accordingly hailed a passing hansom, the first that came in sight.

"You are getting out here?" Mr. Charles Grenoble involuntarily exhibited participation in the other's relief; then, to the lawyer's amazement, held out his hand with actual and undisguised cordiality. "Stop one moment, Mr. Mapleson, before you get out I believe I ought to beg your pardon for having been rude to you just now. I am afraid you must have thought my conduct somewhat extraordinary, but I assure you it was not intentional—that is to say, the fact is I am so bothered with money coming in from here and from there, and from goodness knows where, that sometimes I"—putting his hand to his forehead—"the worry of it will drive me distracted some day, I believe! I was just afraid of what my uncle would do. Of course he could not leave it to any one else; that would have been highly improper; and I can't imagine what could have put it into his head to throw any away upon that poor, unfortunate Tom Hathaway, who has never *got on* in anything he undertook, has never been the slightest credit to the family, and has not been taken any notice of by either of us for years and years. To rake him up now is a sheer piece of folly, and will lead to endless complications. He will fancy he is to begin coming to our houses, and will be expecting invitations and so forth—and this when he has been kept at arm's length all his life! There was no need to have disturbed the existing state of things—none whatever. I must own, Mr. Mapleson, that for a moment I had a sort of suspicion that it was you who had been so inconsiderate as to prompt my uncle"—(if Mr. Mapleson experienced any internal sensations, at least he did not betray himself)—"and that annoyed me," proceeded the speaker, as though now satisfied he had made a wrongful accusation. "The

whole thing is annoying; but I must do my best," heaving a sigh. "I must look out some new investments, and go through those the funds are in already. It will be a heap of trouble—endless trouble—and that just when I was hoping to take things a little more easily. My doctor says that if I don't take care and give myself more holiday, he won't answer for the consequences. Look at my poor uncle! And I have double, treble his responsibilities. I have nearly double as much again to manipulate; it's a heavy strain upon a man. I ask you, therefore, to excuse me, Mr. Mapleson, if in the first flush of vexation, I could not bring myself to acquiesce cordially in the arrangement. I hope you will overlook anything that gave you offence, and—and I shall communicate with you later on."

"Now how much of that was genuine, and how much was humbug?" quoth Mapleson to himself, trying to get over his first surprise. "There was *some* truth in it, but there was a lot of sham. He does grudge the trouble; but he wouldn't let go *one stiver* of the money—no, not even Tom Hathaway's poor little popgun of a legacy if by hook or by crook he could have collared it too!"

"Oh, do, Jenny, not heap up such an enormous fire, and knock the ashes about all over the place!"

Jenny's mamma spoke with a fretful intonation, which was obviously foreign to her nature and quickly repented of. "I know you mean well, my dear; and it is nice for your father to see a bright fire and a clean hearth when he comes in—especially on a night like this," glancing outside, for the shutters were not yet shut, and the street lamp opposite the window revealed the raw, murky atmosphere and reeking damp of a November evening—"but there's no need to waste—"

"I didn't mean to waste at all." Jenny, a tall girl of fifteen, plied tongs and shovel vigorously. "I shan't waste a single cinder; they shall all go on the top," protested she, suiting the action to the word. "But I know poor papa

will come in cold and miserable, and you always tell me to make the room look comfortable for him—to cheer him up and give him a welcome. I thought you liked a good fire," in aggrieved accents.

"Yes—yes, my dear—yes, of course; I am not blaming you, only coals are such a terrible price; here is an enormous bill just come in;" the speaker sighed and glanced at a paper in her hands. "How it is ever to be paid, I am sure I don't know!"

"But you knew it had to come, mamma."

"I knew; but I hoped to get some others settled first. There are several that I have been keeping back; thinking that, as this was the last day of the month, your father would get his salary paid and I could ask him to let me have the money."

"Well, can't you, and leave the coals for a little longer?"

"Oh, yes, I *can*; in fact, I *must*!"—again the speaker sighed and looked dejectedly round—"but I could hardly bear to see that great cart-load at the door to-day, just when the cook was telling me that she must have the plumber sent for to the kitchen range, and that something has gone wrong with the tap in the scullery too."

The door opened and another daughter entered.

"What a comfort to see a decent fire!" exclaimed she, popping down upon a stool in front. "I am so cold in this thin frock. Mamma, I suppose we may send for patterns of warm things now, mayn't we? You said if we hung on till the end of November we could get our winter frocks in time for Christmas. And I have been thinking—"

"Do you suppose you really must have them? There are so many of you, if we once begin; and now that skirts are so wide they take such yards and yards of material—"

"I was going to say," said Bertha, looking thoughtfully into the fire, "that if we could have some stuff for new blouses—some really good, nice-looking, warm material, velveteen or corduroy—"

"Corduroy is very expensive," interpolated her mother.

"It would be nothing compared with the expense of coats and skirts, such as other girls have. And we might manage to make our old skirts do by lining them with flannel or flannelette."

"Oh, Bertha, mine could *never* do." The younger and less considerate Jenny rushed into the arena with a terrified protest. "Mine is all stained and frayed," cried she, exhibiting here and there the deficiencies indicated.

But Bertha was resolute. "It could be turned," said she decidedly. "You could help to do it yourself, if we had some one in to make the blouses; we could easily work under her direction. But, mamma," in a lower voice, "I am afraid the little ones really must have some new under-clothing. You know how Wynnie has been coughing all this week, and when I went into the nursery this morning, Jane told me she did not like to worry you, but that she was sure both the children were not properly clothed for this weather. She showed me their things—"

"They shall have what they require; I shall manage it somehow," said Mrs. Hathaway hurriedly; "I have still something to sell," involuntarily turning round the diamond ring upon her finger. "Bertha—Jenny—not a word to your father—nor to the boys—nor any one. At least we can spare them this. And if I should get enough," looking fondly at her sole ornament, "for you, my poor dears, to have—"

"Never mind *us*," Bertha came and threw herself across her mother's knees. "We can do very well. I didn't know it was as bad as that, mamma; only the poor children—"

"Yes, yes; you were quite right to tell me about them. If I were able to go into the nursery myself! But no one must think of keeping things back from me because of my being an invalid. It would make me worse—far worse—than anything else, to know that others were suffering from my neglect."

"Neglect! You did everything in the world for us as long as you could," said Bertha in a choking voice, whilst Jenny.

subdued, also leant tearfully against her mother's chair. "You worked and slaved for us," continued the elder girl, with breath coming and going fast, "sitting up at nights, and staying at home all the fine summer days, and never taking a holiday, and always pretending that you were so well and strong, until you could pretend no longer——"

"Hush! hush! There is your father at the gate." Mrs. Hathaway, who had been returning tenderly the kisses pressed upon her cheek, suddenly started upright, and dashed the moisture from her eyes. "He must not find us like this," said she briskly. "There is little enough in his own life to cheer and encourage him; and if he finds us down it will depress him the more, and unfit him for doing the work he has to do. He often has a headache when he comes in. That's right, Bertha, go out and meet him; and Jenny, dear, try not to bring forward unpleasant subjects; you know what I mean. You have not quite Bertha's tact, though I know your dear, warm heart would not for the world give any one pain.

"But, mamma, is there any use in shirking?"

Mrs. Hathaway held up a warning finger, for the tones of a shrill, young voice were somewhat too penetrating, and the front door had now admitted the master of the household.

Then the mother replied in a firm, steady under-tone, "There is no use in 'shirking,'—but neither is there any use in discussions which cannot further the object in view. When there is anything to be *done*, it would be foolish and cowardly, it would be wrong, to shrink from speaking out and taking counsel together; but merely to bewail our poverty, and indulge in useless aspirations and enumerations of things we need which we cannot get, and must learn to do without, is but waste of breath, and worse. By overshadowing our spirits, and turning our thoughts downwards instead of upwards, this kind of talk interferes with our going through our daily work diligently, and meeting our troubles cheerfully. Now,

run out and see what they are waiting in the hall for," proceeded the invalid, in a lighter tone; for Mrs. Hathaway was, for the time being, chained to the little hard couch which did duty for a sofa in her small, plainly furnished drawing-room.

Mrs. Hathaway was one who practised what she preached, and in the few moments which elapsed ere figures were again seen in the doorway she had gathered strength from no unfamiliar Source, and composed her features to their usual gentle air of serenity and welcome.

She had made up her mind that the day had dragged as heavily with her husband as with herself.

It had been an especially trying one from various points of view in the humble household. We have had a glimpse of its culminating scene; and there had been divers lesser annoyances to contend with, some of one sort, some of another; while, through all, there had grated harshly on the sensitive nerves of the poor prisoner, who could never escape out of hearing, the scrunching and snorting of a loathsome steam roller, which ground endlessly up and down over the newly repaired suburban road in front.

Even her gentle soul had been stung to irritation at last, as we know, and the goodly hotbed of coals with which the small apartment was now glowing had nearly had their flames quenched by her at the outset.

That had passed, and she was now glad they were there; glad that her poor husband, coming in weary and chilled—too often downcast and dispirited also—— But how was this?

It was certainly no downcast, dispirited countenance which met her timorous, faintly investigating smile. It was a voice most unlike her poor Tom's usually subdued tones—poor fellow! he had almost forgotten how to speak jovially—which responded to her wifely inquiries. It was a brisk, alert, upright little grey-headed man who stepped into the room, and who laughingly threw off a couple of excited girls eagerly clamoring for the problem to

be unravelled, and the secret, whose existence had been admitted, to be disclosed in the hearing of all.

"You shall hear it, sure enough." The father and husband bent over the sofa for the never-failing embrace. "Jenny, love"—in his excitement the old name, which had of late been transferred to the younger proprietor, rose to Mr. Hathaway's lips; and he stroked fondly the head that had once been as glossy and golden as the other Jenny's was now—"I have brought home a medicine that will go far to cure thy ailment, poor wife," and the speaker sat down beside the couch, and held out his other hand to the two impatient ones standing by.

At the same moment a boy burst in, laden with schoolbooks. Quick as thought, Bertha had turned round with an imperative sign, and opened her mouth to bid the intruder retire, when, "No, no," cried her father, beckoning Charlie also within the circle; "come in, my boy, come in. I've got a bit of good news to tell, and you shall hear it with the rest." Then he paused and looked solemnly, yet with radiance shining in his eyes, at each in turn. "A wonderful thing has happened," he said, "a most extraordinary and—wonderful thing. I have been left a legacy of a thousand pounds!"

"There seems no end to what it will do," cried Bertha over and over again.

Twenty-four hours had passed, and each had been filled with its own measure of joyful communings and glad anticipations.

"Mamma, to think how nearly you had lost *that*!" continued the affectionate girl, touching the beautiful ring, whose diamonds seemed to emit a new effulgence—as indeed they did, for nothing would serve the enthusiastic Jenny but to clean and brighten them afresh in honor of the occasion. "Oh, mamma, perhaps only another day, and it would have gone! The one jewel you possess in the world! And what we all know you value besides, because of so many associations. Well now, I have

made out the list of bills," and with tenfold the importance of a judge Bertha spread her papers, pencil in hand, "and we will pay every one of them first of all. They don't amount to much in the light of a thousand pounds," continued she joyously, "although they seemed so overwhelming when we had only poor papa's salary to go upon, and they were to be scrimped one by one out of every month as it came in. Perhaps we may not even need to touch the thousand at all for the bills; as Mr. Mapleson wrote that there was a thousand 'odd,' and that 'odd' may quite likely cover the bills, papa thinks. And then we may use a hundred, may we not, in getting put to rights altogether? The house really wants it *dreadfully*—"

"Indeed it does." But Mrs. Hathaway's acquiescence was rather one of pleased anticipation than of regret. "It ought to have been painted from top to bottom last year. And had it not been our own we should have been forced to do it; no landlord would have let us off. We thought that was the one good thing about our having bought this poor little house and mortgaged it so heavily. We shall pay off the mortgage now," and she looked round with the air of a proud proprietor. "You must remember, children, that we shall not receive Mr. Grenoble's legacy at once; and though your father will have no difficulty in getting an advance on the security of Mr. Mapleson's letter, it will only be a few hundreds. Still a few hundreds, and the rest to follow shortly!"—and her eyes shone.

"I was thinking we really ought to have a little household linen," meditated Bertha aloud. "The towels are so very thin, and there are hardly enough to go round—"

"And the water cans are in a deplorable state," assented her mother.

"And, oh, mamma, can't we have the piano tuned?" It was Jenny's turn next. "The tuner has not been here since April."

"You may send for him at once," Mrs. Hathaway nodded cheerfully. "And poor Charlie's bed, I will have that

mended. The poor boy never complains, but it must have been very uncomfortable. And the lock of his door is broken— Oh, there is your father's voice outside!" All paused to listen. "He has brought some one home with him," said Mrs. Hathaway with a fresh smile. "He used often to bring a friend home in this easy way when we were first married; but it is so long since we have had anything to offer. That's right, Bertha, make a blaze," and she drew herself up on the couch, and arranged the coverlet over her feet to prepare for company.

She was hardly prepared, however, for the visitor who was ushered in. Although she knew Mr. Mapleson, she had not seen him hitherto within the walls of her own modest dwelling. Here also was a new departure.

"Mr. Mapleson was good enough to say he would come down with me and call upon you this evening, my dear." It was natural that the speaker's accents should have in them a certain formality in the presence of a stranger, but it did not escape the wife's ear that there was also a nervous intonation and something of the well-known shadow on her husband's brow. He now proceeded.

"Mr. Mapleson wished to consult with us both on a little matter of business—"

"An investment for the legacy left you by the terms of Mr. Grenoble's will," the lawyer took up the thread, and seated himself with a courteous inclination towards the young lady who had hastened to place a chair.

"An investment?" Mrs. Hathaway looked from one to the other with feminine appeal for enlightenment.

"My wife does not understand much about such things; neither, to tell the truth, do I." Mr. Hathaway forced a little laugh, which had not a genuine ring. "We did not quite understand, did we, my dear? that this money which our cousin has been kind enough to leave us, has to be invested—will remain in Mr. Mapleson's charge, to be invested for us—so we shall get the interest instead of the capital. Of

course it's all right; no doubt it is better so; it will last longer, and—"

"But perhaps it is a little disappointment?" The visitor looked keenly round. "I dare say the ladies have already spent in imagination—"

"That's it; just so." The girls' father made a hasty movement, as though to intervene between their faces and the guest. "I was a little over-hasty in telling them; and they had been reckoning up, as young people will—but of course *we* understand," and the poor little man made a dignified movement and straightened himself upon the hearthrug.

"Yes, *we* understand." The voice from the sofa was low and soft, but no tremor was audible. ("A woman who would back up her husband in anything," decided Mr. Mapleson within himself.) "We are greatly obliged to you for taking this trouble," continued the speaker steadily, "and shall be very glad of any help you can give us."

Mr. Mapleson produced some papers from his pocket. As he did so he heard a husky whisper behind his chair.

"Are we not to get *any* of it now, Bertha? And looking up at the same moment the quick-witted lawyer perceived a spasm upon the father's face, and noted that the mother had averted hers.

When they spoke, however, no one would have guessed the effort which shaped the syllables of calm propriety which fell from the elders' lips. The papers were passed from one to the other. Mr. Mapleson's proposals were hearkened to with deference; his advice was taken, and himself empowered to act in all respects according to his own judgment.

Still he did not go; he seemed unwilling to go. He entered into a discussion about the merits, or demerits, of the neighborhood; his eye wandered round and round the little room, taking in—or at least so poor Bertha fancied—the shabby, darned curtains and broken window-cord; and though there was more than one prolonged pause, it was not until all had begun to feel the strain



almost beyond their powers to bear, that he at length rose.

"You won't stay to dine with us?" said Mr. Hathaway faintly. He knew there would be a good dinner—the dinner which had been ordered to celebrate the family festival—and hospitality prompted the invitation, even while a sick sinking at the heart almost forbade its utterance.

All the glorious news of yesterday seemed to have turned to a mirage. It was true that forty pounds a year, which Mr. Mapleson considered would be the probable interest of the sum bequeathed, meant a pleasing addition to his annual income. But compared with a thousand pounds down!

The "odd" too had faded out of sight. It had only amounted to a trifle, and had been used for expenses. He was longing to be rid of another presence, yet shrank from the moment when he and his should be again alone. How happily had he gone forth that morning! How smoothly had the wheels of life rolled throughout the day! And how confidently had he awaited the glad bustle of his return!

It had been agreed that a family conclave was to be held, and pros and cons discussed. He could scarcely bear to mark the quietude of the little chamber now.

"Just step with me a moment outside, will you?" said Mr. Mapleson.

"But, my dear sir, I—I, really—I am so bewildered! This munificence—this extraordinary, unparalleled good fortune!" Poor Tom Hathaway shook all over, and a narrow slip of paper in his hand wriggled in the lamplight. "It is incredible—"

"Not at all incredible." A hearty hand patted him on the shoulder. "You think me a cold-blooded individual, Hathaway; and I dare say wouldn't give me credit for—but even a selfish old bachelor may sometimes enjoy giving a pleasant surprise. I didn't come all this way out to shed gloom and disappointment in a place that, to tell the truth, looks dismal enough without the need of anything additional," with

an involuntary glance of disparagement at the sodden road and monotonous frontage.

("God bless my soul! How can people live in such a locality?" muttered Mapleson to himself.)

Then he continued his cheerful strain aloud. "Let me explain. I meant to have my little joke—to tease your wife and daughters for a few minutes, and then to produce this cheque and make them jump. But somehow I couldn't do it. There was *that* in your wife's face—and those poor girls! Well, well, forgive my seeing below the surface, Hathaway; we lawyers can't help prying, you know; and even your mask of cheerful acquiescence didn't take me in. It was a disappointment, eh? I had guessed as much, but I didn't know *how* much until—never mind when. It made me feel queer, I can tell you. Now, my good sir, do you understand that this," tapping the cheque, "is your own earned money—('at least if it can be called 'earned,'" *sotto voce*). "Anyhow, it's made honestly,—and I had nothing to do with it beyond the fact that I was the medium of making it for you. Are you listening? I don't suppose you are," jogging his dumb companion playfully by the elbow. "But still, as you have got to tell others, you may as well let me tell you once again. On the day of Mr. Grenoble's death, when I knew you would come in for this small legacy—small as compared with what he left his other relation, that grumbling curmudgeon Charles—the Stock Exchange was 'humming' with African shares. I made up my mind to have a fling on your account; and if it turned up trumps, well and good; if not, I guaranteed in my own mind to make good the loss. I had just done uncommonly well for myself in the same line, and could afford it. That was a week ago, and the result of the week is that your thousand has made five! I retain the original sum, to be invested according to Mr. Grenoble's wishes—which I explained just now to yourself and Mrs. Hathaway—and for the other four thousand you hold the cheque in your hands. It is yours



absolutely—and you can make ducks and drakes with it as soon as you like. Eh? Oh, never mind. No thanks. God bless you, my dear fellow; God bless you," and with a parting grip of the hand the speaker vanished in the darkness.

Nor did the worthy Mapleson's kindness end here. He had received an impression from the visit never to be effaced. He took an ever-increasing interest in the affairs of the family he had befriended. In the course of time the schoolboy Charlie was received into his office; and one fine day when his nephew and heir, Herbert Mapleson, came and stood before him bristling with resolution and defiance, to announce that he had offered his hand and heart to Bertha Hathaway, and that neither his people nor hers should put a spoke in his wheel, for marry her he would, etc., etc., with all the usual variations—all the formidable uncle did was to hear him to the end, and then say, with a smile which he could not for the life of him make sarcastic, "Bless my soul! young man, do you think because people wear spectacles that they can't see an inch beyond their noses? There; get me my hat; and we will go off together to call upon my future niece. I am not such a fool, Herbert Mapleson, but I can still admire a pretty girl, and a good girl, when I see one. I shall have to make another fling one of these days on Tom's account," he cogitated. "It all came of that queer little legacy of his."

L. B. WALFORD.

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From *The Cornhill Magazine*.  
THE FINANCIAL BOOM OF THE LAST  
CENTURY.

The present phenomenal activity on the Stock Exchange—the great gold gamble, as an unkind one has called it—when millions of money have been within the past few months invested in South African and West Australian mining shares, when, as the report goes, an ex-strolling player has added one more to his millions before break-

fast time, and to be a friend of the chief actors has been worth a competency, is not, in some ways, without a parallel, though it must be sought in the last century, and its disastrous results were such as, it is to be trusted, will be spared the present-day investors.

The voyages of Sir Walter Raleigh and others in "good Queen Bess's" and succeeding reigns seem to have begot an ardent spirit of trading and colonization, and to have turned the thoughts of all to dreams of wealth beyond the seas. As early as 1695 the bill of the Scotch Parliament to carry out a scheme for the planting of colonies on the Isthmus of Darien to trade with the two Indies created such enthusiasm that half of the entire circulating medium in Scotland was invested in the stock. Sir Walter Scott's glowing words bring this rush for gold graphically before the eyes. "Many subscribed their all; maidens threw in their portions, and widows whatever sums they could raise upon their dower, to be repaid a hundredfold by the golden shower which was to descend upon the subscribers."

Their neighbors across the border were no less captivated by the reports of the wealth of Spanish America; and Robert Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, who came into power as chancellor of the exchequer and head of the government in 1710, formed the idea of tapping the supposed fabulous resources of the Southern Seas, and in this way paying off the national debt, which had only been created in the previous reign, and, largely from its novelty, was regarded as particularly burdensome. With these objects in view the South Sea Company was formed, and a number of eminent merchants took over the burden of the floating national debt, then amounting to nearly ten millions. The government promised interest at the rate of six per cent., to be obtained from certain import duties which were rendered permanent, and the company was granted the monopoly of trade to the Spanish coasts of America. These

privileges, however, were anticipatory, and were never fully realized. The Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, only won from Spain the right to engage in the negro slave trade, to found a few factories, and to trade with the American coast by means of one ship annually, and these concessions naturally came to an end when we soon afterwards engaged in war again with Spain.

The company, however, flourished exceedingly. In the session of 1714 an act was passed to enable the Bank of England and others to lend money upon South Sea stock; and in the succeeding year another act followed for enlarging the capital stock and yearly fund of the company, and so obtaining for public use a sum of 822,000*l.*, and for raising 169,000*l.* by the sale of annuities.

Further assistance to the nation was proposed by the company in a resolution of May 15, 1717, to lend the State two millions at five per cent. for paying off the lotteries of 1711 and 1712. The bank at the same time came forward with a beneficial offer of two and a half millions at a like percentage for redeeming funds and exchequer bills carrying a higher rate of interest. These offers were accepted, and an act was passed for redeeming the yearly fund of the South Sea Company at the rate of six per cent. and paying on the whole of the now increased amount borrowed five per cent. per annum.

The good services of the company were again accepted when, in the session of 1719, the royal assent was given to an act for redeeming the fund appropriated for the payment of the lottery tickets of 1710 by a voluntary subscription of the proprietors into the stock of the South Sea Company.

The company had up to this time been conducted with honesty and success, and had been worked largely with a view to performing good services to the public purse. The Prince of Wales was made a governor in 1715, and three years later the king (George I.) himself accepted a place on the governing body. But the remainder of the history of the company is a deplorable tale of dis-

honesty and deception and of shameless behavior of men in high positions.

One of the directors, Sir John Blunt, who had been a scrivener, a man of greater ability than character, suggested to the company to make an offer to take over the whole of the nation's debt, amounting to thirty millions, on being guaranteed five per cent. for seven and a half years and given certain additional trading privileges. This proposal was also further baited to catch the government and the people by agreeing to accept a reduction of one per cent. interest after the lapse of that period or to allow the State to redeem its debt. The offer gave the company such a position that the bank itself saw a dangerous rival in the field, and felt called upon to make an offer to the House of Commons at the same time (January 27, 1720) of a scheme for discharging the national obligations.

The proposals of the South Sea Company, however, were regarded by the Commons as the more attractive, and it was resolved in the House that they should be accepted (February 1). The annuitants were given the option of retaining their securities, but the affairs of the company appeared to be so promising that most made an immediate exchange for South Sea stock.

The South Sea Bill, passed in April, empowered the company to increase its capital, and when the directors called for subscriptions the money came in by millions. Every effort was made by the company to inflame the public mind. The rumor was spread that Gibraltar and Port Mahon were to be exchanged for a part of Peru. In this way the whole nation fell under the spell of speculation, and became stock-jobbers. All kinds of projects sprang up and were foolishly accorded support; many for objects that in calmer times would have been recognized immediately as impossible, such as a wheel for perpetual motion. Many of these schemes were the plainest of daylight robberies, and on June 11 a proclamation was published that all new projects or bubbles—the word had now come out—the number of which was then about

a hundred, should be deemed common nuisances, and that any broker dealing in them should be subject to a penalty of 500*l*. It was computed at this time that a million and a half of money was won and lost by these transparent swindles.

The South Sea scheme, however, held on its way and daily increased in public favor. At the passing of the South Sea Act the company's stock rose to 340. A few days afterwards a subscription was issued at 300. On the same day (April 12) the royal assent was given to a loan of a million to the company. On the 28th of the same month another subscription was opened at 400. The stock was worth 500 on May 20, and was selling at 890 on June 2.

The thorough and complete way in which all classes were deceived can be judged from a speech of the king to Parliament on June 11, when he thanked the Commons for the good foundation they had prepared for the payment of the national debts and the discharge of a great part of them without the least violation of public faith.

The king went abroad to his dominions in Germany four days later, and many of those who accompanied him withdrew their money, and the stocks sunk considerably; but the directors came to the rescue by offering prodigious dividends and other benefits, and so managed to raise it again, and even advanced it to its maximum price of 1,000, and held it up during the whole of July between 900 and 1,000.

During this time of the greatest boom the proclamation against bubbles had no effect, and innumerable bogus companies with foolish ideas were being placed on the market, so that it was found necessary to issue an order of council (July 12) for dismissing seventeen petitions that lay before the Privy Council for patents to raise stocks for various purposes, for the exploiting of which many had been drawn in to part with their money, on the pretence that their petitions would be granted. This ruined the several projects for carrying on the fishing trade, insurance against

fire, manufacturing sail-cloth, curing tobacco for snuff, and others. The sums proposed to be raised by other bubbles afloat at this time did not amount to less than three hundred millions sterling. The lords justices gave orders on August 15 to the attorney-general to issue writs against the York Buildings Company, the Lustring Company, the English Copper, and the Welch Copper and Lead Company, and other companies that had exceeded the powers granted to them.

The exposure of these swindles caused the South Sea stock to fall to 830, including the midsummer dividend on August 17, but the directors held their stock up by buying largely, and it returned to 880. It fell again, however, immediately, and the directors were driven to make another bold move. They accordingly closed the transfer books on the 24th of the month, and the next day opened other books for taking in a subscription of one million at the rate of 1,000*l*. for every 100*l*. capital stock. This had the desired effect, and the amount was subscribed within three hours. Men and women flocked to Change Alley in such numbers that tables had to be set in the streets with clerks. The tale is told of one hunchback whose deformity brought him gold by letting out his hump as a writing-slope. On the 26th the transfer books were opened again, but the unreasoning passion of the people commencing to yield place to common sense, the stock fell to less than 800*l*., and the directors were driven to adopt further measures. They offered to lend their proprietors 4,000*l*. upon every 1,000*l*. stock for six months at four per cent. The annuitants were still uneasy and clamorous, and the directors committed their crowning sin. They passed a resolution that the Christmas dividend should be at the rate of thirty per cent., and that thenceforward the yearly dividend should be not less than fifty per cent. This raised the stock to 800*l*. Breakers, however, were ahead of the directors, and a rumor in the early part of September that the Spaniards were assembling troops to invest Gibraltar

added to the "slump," and the stock fell on the 8th to 640, to 550 on the following day, and by the 19th it was as low as 400. The Bank of England came to the rescue of the company on the 23rd, and agreed to take their stock at 400 per cent. In lieu of 3,775,000*l.* the South Sea Company were to pay them.

When the books were opened at the bank for subscriptions to support the public credit a great crowd at first assembled, and it was expected that the three millions would have been subscribed that day; but the fall of the company's stock and the ill odor of its bonds caused a run upon the largest bankers, who were obliged to close their establishments, having already lent great sums upon the stock. The Sword-Blade Company also, the chief financiers of the South Sea Company, were forced to stop payment, and a great run upon the bank ensued. By the end of the month the stock had fallen to 150.

The storm of the people's anger now burst forth unrestrained, like a swollen torrent, carrying all before it, and Parliament was compelled to act to satisfy the demand of the country for vengeance on the evildoers who had wrought this disaster.

A select committee of thirteen Commons was appointed to examine into the company's transactions; and the sub-governor, the deputy-governor, the directors, and Mr. Robert Knight, their cashier, were examined by the House of Lords. As a result of this inquiry their lordships came to the resolution that the officers of the company had prevaricated with them in giving false representations of several matters of fact, that by lending money on stock and subscriptions they were guilty of a notorious breach of trust, and that they ought to make good the losses the company had sustained by their fraudulent management. The secret committee of the Commons repaired to the South Sea House on January 14, 1721, and took possession of it and of all the books. Mr. Knight, the cashier, now felt that he would be safer abroad, and absconded on the 22nd, and took

vessel to Calais. The violence of the swing of the pendulum was shown luminously in Knight's case. He acted on the House of Commons like the red rag on the bull. A proclamation was issued on the following day offering a reward of 2,000*l.* for his arrest. He was stopped by the Marquis de Prie and committed prisoner to the castle of Antwerp on February 3, and a few days later the Commons addressed his Majesty to procure Knight's surrender. Accordingly the king despatched Colonel Churchill to Vienna, instructed to make most pressing instances to the emperor that he might be at once delivered up together with his papers, but the king's messenger was refused his prayer. The emperor, however, wrote a letter to his Majesty, which was read in the House of Commons (March 27), and in it he expressed his inclination to deliver up Knight, but his powerlessness to do so without the consent of the States of Brabant. This letter appears to have greatly incensed the members, for, three days later, three hundred of their number with their speaker attended upon his Majesty to express their dissatisfaction at the obstacles raised by the emperor under cover of the pretended privileges of the Brabant States, and they besought him to press for Knight's surrender. Eventually this individual escaped from Antwerp, and was never proceeded against by the company's creditors.

During this time the Commons committee and the House of Lords had been accumulating information which disclosed gross breaches of faith in high quarters, and on the Houses meeting on January 23, Sir Thomas Jansen, Sir Robert Chaplin, and Messrs. Sawbridge and Eyles, members, were expelled the House and taken into custody, and several other directors were ordered to be seized with their papers. Two days later the Lords extracted the information from witnesses under examination that large sums in South Sea stock had been given to several persons, both in the administration and the House of Commons, for procuring the passing of

the South Sea Act. Mr. John Aislable, the chancellor of the exchequer, was incriminated, and he found it necessary to resign his seals.

Sir John Blunt, the chief projector of the scheme, was called upon by the House of Lords, but refused to be examined (February 4). This occasioned some severe reflections to be cast upon the ministry, and was the cause of a tragic occurrence. Earl Stanhope grew so warm under the aspersions and so vehement in the defence of himself and colleagues that he was seized with a pain in his head of a severity to force him to proceed home, and his illness terminated fatally on the following day.

The Committee of Secrecy made a report (February 16) that connected several members of the government with a direct interest in the company. It was discovered that 50,000*l.* worth of stock had been bought in at prices from 150 to 180 for the Earl of Sunderland, the premier, at the request of the postmaster-general, Mr. James Craggs. It also appeared that Mr. Aislable had had great quantities of stock given him, and that a great deal of stock had been bought for members of both Houses at favorable prices. The late chancellor of the exchequer was heard in his defence by the Commons, but it was proved against him that he had caused the accounts between himself and a Mr. Hawes to be burnt, and had given him a discharge for the balance, amounting to 842,000*l.* He was committed to the Tower and his estates alienated. Another member, Sir George Caswell, was at the same time treated in like fashion.

The royal assent was given on March 23 to the first attempt to undo or alleviate the misdeeds of the company. The act was to enable the company to ingraft part of its capital stock into the stock and fund of the bank and another part into the stock and funds of the East India Company, and to give further time for payments by the South Sea Company to the public. It was largely owing to the judicious and level-headed measures of one man that the country overrode its calamity. This

man—Robert Walpole—became chancellor of the exchequer at this time (April 2), and prime minister in the succeeding year.

Now poured in petitions from the City of London and other places demanding of Parliament justice on the directors and officers of the defaulting company.

The late postmaster-general, James Craggs, was the next member found guilty of corrupt and scandalous practices, and the House of Commons resolved that all his property should be applied to the relief of the sufferers from his criminal actions.

The House met on May 17 to discuss what proportion of their estates, which had been seized, should be given back to the directors. It was proposed that an eighth should be refunded; but eventually it was decided to consider each case separately. The values of their estates, given upon oath, amounted to 2,014,000*l.*, and of this 334,000*l.* was returned to them, in amounts varying from 800*l.* to 50,000*l.* The royal assent to the act for realizing the estates of the officials of the company and of John Aislable and James Craggs was given on July 20.

Parliament was called together by the king two days later to consider the state of public credit. The results of the deliberations were embodied in an act that passed through all its stages within many days. During this term of the House of Commons hundreds of holders—of both sexes—of public stocks assembled at the doors of the House as members went in and created a great tumult and disturbance, demanding justice of their representatives. In this extremity members had to apply to the justices for protection. The reading twice of the Riot Act had the desired result, and the people dispersed.

The judicious measures that had been taken to wind up the estates of the company, to alleviate as much as possible the burden of the loss on the people, and to restore the national credit were working wonders in pacifying the king's subjects and rehabilitating the finances of his realms. In his speech to both Houses on August 10,



the king was able to say that it gave him great comfort to observe that the public credit was beginning to recover, and that he hoped it would be entirely restored when all the provisions they had made to that end were in operation.

On March 7 of the following year (1722) an act received the royal assent extending further clemency to the company by relieving it of some of its obligations and giving further time for the repayment of the million lent to it. At the same time the company received additional assistance by being invested with powers to dispose of the effects in hand by lottery or subscription if necessary. Eventually the disposal of the wealth of the company enabled a dividend of thirty-three per cent. to be declared, and so one of the most disastrous social epochs in our history closed.

There is probably no parallel in the records of the country of such unrestrained and shameless speculation in high places and such unreasoning gullibility on the part of the people. A thoughtless mania, quite unintelligible to their descendants, enveloped the whole nation, and when it is considered that it covered great and small, high and low, and even those who, by the ordinary standards of judgment, would always be considered of the highest intellect, it can only be concluded that, living in other times, apart from the sensations of that particular age, we are incapable of entering into its spirit or of judging or appreciating it. Even the poet Gay, who flourishes still in print, fell under the intoxication of the times. A competency was within his grasp if he had only sold out at the top prices the stocks given to him by patrons in the early days of the company, but he held on, with blind faith in the scheme, against the better judgment of many friends.

During this time our neighbors across the Channel had been passing through a similar period of financial fever and then of all-engrossing disaster. The means by which the debt of France was to be wiped off the slate and the finan-

cial salvation of the country achieved was the Mississippi scheme of John Law. The proposals of this individual to the French government were that he should become the sole creditor of the nation, and be allowed to issue paper money to ten times the amount of the national debt, that is, to the extent of 2,080 million pounds. The scheme was so attractive in outward guise that the necessary permission was given to Law to found the Royal Bank of France and to issue his notes. The bank carried on all the usual business in paper, such as the receiving of deposits, the discounting of bills, and the issuing of promissory notes. It was at first amazingly successful, and the Royal Bank was given fresh power. The exclusive right of coining money was entrusted to it, the trade of the old French East India Company was transferred to it, and its directors were further conceded the monopoly of trading with the littoral of the Mississippi. Its history is widely that of the South Sea Company. A 500*l.* share was at one time worth 18,000*l.*, and Law was then made comptroller-general. In 1720 the bubble was pricked, and a sovereign would have purchased ten thousand pounds' worth of the bank's notes; and, as in this country, so in France, universal ruin overtook the nation for a time.

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From *The Gentleman's Magazine*.  
A BISHOP IN PARTIBUS.

I.

Dr. George Smith, of Edinburgh, in his "*Life of Henry Martyn*," published in 1892, has the following passage: "Like Marshman and the Serampore missionaries, Henry Martyn kept up a Latin correspondence with the missionaries sent from Rome by the propaganda to the stations founded by Xavier, and those afterwards established by that saint's nephew in the days of the tolerant Akbar. At the beginning of this century, Anglican, Baptist, and Romanist missionaries all



over the East co-operated with each other in translation work and social intercourse. More than once Martyn protected the priest at Patna from the persecution of the military authorities. He planned a visit to their station at Bettia, to the far north, at the foot of the Himalayas. In hospital, his ministrations were always offered to the Irish soldiers in the absence of their own priest, and always without any controversial reference." The consequence of this state of feeling was that when Martyn was appointed chaplain at Dinapore in 1807, and when his desire to become acquainted with the principal Mohammedan religionists led him to the neighboring city of Patna, it was quite natural that he should call on the Italian padre. The clergyman who, though then unrecognized by the government, offered his services to the Catholic soldiers at the military cantonment, was a Capuchin from Milan whose secular names were Giulio Cesare Scotti, and who, in the common parlance of the barracks, was termed Father Julius Cæsar. Martyn saw much of this monk, and his habits of inquiry and courteous interest in the views of his friend led Martyn to dream of his conversion to Protestant views. The subsequent career, however, of the Italian renders it unlikely that he was at any time disposed to question the security of his position. When, in 1809, Martyn was moved up to Cawnpore, Padre Giulio appeared there also; and as he fell at that place under the ken of the authoress<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Sherwood, who was not unskilful at portraits executed with the pen, we become acquainted with his personality. There was a small religious society at that time in Cawnpore consisting of Daniel Corrie, his sister, Henry Martyn, Mrs. Sherwood, and her husband, who was paymaster of the

53rd Foot (now the 1st Shropshire), and a few military and other adherents; and great cordiality existed in the circle. Martyn was hard at work on his Persian Testament, and he used to summon an informal committee to consider the question of equivalent terminology. Mrs. Sherwood has described it as the strangest conclave to be imagined. The scene of this meeting was a garden gloomy with palm-trees and aloes, and the time usually sun-down. There was an Arab and a monk, a missionary, a Bengalee gentleman, a local Moonshee, and doubtless a few catechists and students in the background. Seven languages were employed, they were employed all together, and in an energetic key. By far the loudest was the tumultuous Arab, Sabât, then a Christian, and tyrannical dragoman to Martyn. Poor wretch! as he sat there, waving the locks of his Saracen's head and bawling in stentorian tones, he little thought what a future was awaiting him. Apostasy, bankruptcy, political intrigue in far Acheen, seizure, condemnation, the yawning sack, and the profound remorseless sea! The monkish member was Padre Giulio. He is thus outlined by Mrs. Sherwood: "The second of Mr. Martyn's guests, whom I must introduce as being not a whit behind Sabât in his own opinion of himself, was the Padre Julius Cæsar, an Italian monk of the order of the Jesuits, a worthy disciple of Ignatius Loyola. Mr. Martyn had become acquainted with him at Patna, where the Italian priest was not less zealous and active in making proselytes than the Company's chaplain, and probably much more wise and subtle in his movements than the latter. The Jesuit was a handsome young man and dressed in the complete costume of the monk, with his little skull-cap, his flowing robes, and his cord. The materials, however, of his dress were very rich; his robe was of the finest purple satin, his cord of twisted silk, and his rosary of costly stones, whilst his air and manner were extremely elegant. He spoke French fluently, and there Mr. Sherwood was at home with

<sup>1</sup> It is a curious instance of how a little leaven of genius leavens the whole lump, that Mrs. Sherwood's writings, though handicapped with forgotten didactics, are still to some extent alive. In 1891 Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. published a selection from her stories as an illustrated Christmas book.

him, but his native language was Italian. His conversation with Mr. Martyn was carried on partly in Latin and partly in Italian."

The monk was a Capuchin, and not a Jesuit as Mrs. Sherwood supposed. But these distinctions were little noticed in those days, and a priest was called a Jesuit as the Neapolitan fishermen are usually called Lazzaroni. The dress described was not monastic but clerical only. Some years afterwards, in 1824, Bishop Heber, then on that journey up country which he has rendered familiar, met Padre Giulio at Bankipore, the civil station of Patna, and thus records his impressions: "I met here a Franciscan friar, a remarkably handsome and intelligent-looking little man, whom I immediately and rightly guessed to be the Italian padre 'Giulio Cesare,' of whom so much mention is made in 'Martyn's Life.'" And again: "Underneath the walls of the Granary, I had a good deal of conversation with Padre Giulio, who speaks French, though not well, yet fluently. He is thoroughly a man of the world, smooth, insinuating, addicted to paying compliments, and from his various accomplishments an acceptable guest at all English houses where French or Italian is understood. He spoke with great affection of Martyn, who thought well of him, and almost hoped that he had converted him from Popery. He was apparently pleased with the notice which I paid him, and I certainly was much amused and interested with his conversation. I found him a great admirer of Metastasio, and of course not fond of Alfieri. He himself is, indeed, a Milanese, so that he feels for the former as for a countryman as well as a brother ecclesiastic."

From these notices we may gather generally the sort of man Padre Giulio was. Evidently of excellent character, well versed in the usages of society—accommodating, pleasant, and accomplished; and, from the religious side, in no way wanting in zeal. There was in him, perhaps, a streak of the well-dressed Abbé lettré of the last century, with the welcome absence, however, of

profligacy and scepticism. But whilst he was circulating, apparently, from one Capuchin mission to another, a Catholic establishment, which had been founded many years before at Surdhana, north of Meerut, was being enlarged and endowed on a scale hitherto unwitnessed in that part of India. The princess in whose territory this work was being pushed forward was a Mohammedan convert to the Latin community, baptized Joanna, and highly pleased with the addition of "Nobilis" which her social position suggested. Her great church at Surdhana, dedicated to the Virgin, was consecrated in 1822 by Monsignor Pezzoni; and as it was to preside over this fabric that Padre Giulio ultimately received episcopal orders, it is necessary that it should be explained, as briefly as possible, how a territory specially secured to this princess by the Great Mogul should have been held in the interests of Rome. For, as has been remarked by Mr. H. G. Keene in the *Calcutta Review*, in an article entitled "Surdhana, the seat of the Sombres" (to which this paper is much indebted), "Many persons acquainted with the military cantonment of Meerut and its environs have, perhaps, wondered what are the facts which account for the appearance of a fine three-storied house and a large church in the midst of the characteristic squalor of a native village."

## II.

In the old church of St. Mary's at Eastbourne there is a monument with a long inscription to one Henry Lushington. He was the son of the vicar of the place, Dr. Lushington, and the father records the virtues and misfortunes of the son in timid language. About the misfortunes, however, there can be no doubt. For, going out to India in the Company's service in 1754, when only sixteen years of age, the young man was in 1758 involved in the fall of Calcutta, and passed that dreadful night in the Black Hole. He was one of the twenty-three who escaped suffocation out of one hundred and

forty-six who were enclosed in the lock-up. But it was only a brief respite, for in 1763 he perished in the massacre of Patna. The Black Hole, like the earthquake of Lisbon, has taken its place amongst the terrible disasters of the world; but the Patna tragedy is far less known, though quite devoid of the element of accident, which in some degree modifies the cruelty of the dungeon story. The history of the times is complicated, and must be abstracted to yield only the facts bearing on the subject in hand. Kasim Ali was a nobleman the English had themselves raised to the Musnud of Bengal. In the course of time, certainly not without some provocation, this prince became dissatisfied with his foreign supporters and thought himself strong enough to dispense with their alliance, and so revolted. He was, however, defeated more than once, and was hanging about the neighborhood of Patna—where he had already made the members of the factory, their soldiers, and adherents prisoners—when he heard that his capital, Monghir, had fallen. Greatly exasperated, Kasim Ali sent orders that the prisoners were to be executed. It is reported that the Armenian officer in command at Patna, Gregorius Khan, corrupted to Gurgin, refused to obey. A European adventurer named Reinhardt, in the service of the nawab, volunteered to carry out the wishes of the frenzied man. He placed the prisoners in a courtyard, and fired volleys into them from upper rooms. Forty-eight gentlemen of the civil and military services were destroyed and buried in a well. Reinhardt is called on the monument that has been mentioned, "one Someroo, an apostate European." There is, however, no evidence that he ever apostatized, though he was certainly not an ornament to any creed. But his story must be sketched. His name was Walter Reinhardt, and he was a native of Trèves. He must have been born about 1720, and went out to Madras as a young man in the army of the French East India Company, and took part in the wars then going on. In 1754 peace

was concluded between the English and the French, but it was broken again in 1756. When Chevalier Law was sent by Lally to reinforce Chundernagore, the general carried Reinhardt with him. In 1757, however, the French settlement was taken by Clive and Admiral Watson, but Law and Reinhardt escaped. Coming out as a private, Reinhardt had reached sergeant's rank. It may be said here that his military aptitude was great. He seems to have drilled native soldiers very successfully, and to have been a reliable man in action—cool and ready in resource. The two wanderers were ultimately engaged; Law by the fugitive Emperor Shah Alam, and Reinhardt by Kasim Ali. The latter distinguished himself in the battle fought at Goriah, when the skilful resistance made by him could scarcely have been overcome, under the circumstances, by an officer of less conspicuous gallantry than Major Adams.

After the Patna business, Reinhardt escaped in time to Oudh, having been first present, however, at the battle of Buxar, where the emperor and the Oudh vizier were defeated by Munro. He afterwards took service with the Jats, the head of which tribe, the Rajah of Bhurtpore, came prominently forward in the general confusion. Reinhardt formed his troops into an organized mercenary force; the brigade being said to consist of four battalions of foot, a cavalry corps, and six field-pieces. In 1775 he shared the defeat of the Jats when they were attacked by the Persian vizier of the restored emperor, and, finding that for the present the imperial influence was in the ascendant, he placed his brigade at the service of Delhi. For the support of these mercenaries a district surrounding the village of Surdhana was assigned, and these lands supplied a revenue of about six lakhs of rupees, or sixty thousand pounds, as rates then were. The adventurer has been called Reinhardt for clearness sake, but he was known as General Sombre, changed by the natives into Somroo. The sobriquet is said to have been given by old mates.

when he was a private, from his heavy or sulky look. This may or may not be correct. In 1778 Reinhardt died at Agra and was buried in the old Catholic cemetery, where his mausoleum may still be seen with its inscriptions in Persian and Portuguese. He rebuilt, it is reported, the Italian Mission Church in 1772, and the fabric is extant, though no longer devoted to sacred uses. Though never, as far as is known, a renegade, the adventurer had adopted native habits, and was the possessor of a harem. About the year 1765 there was received into this zenana a girl of some twelve years. She was the daughter of a Mussulman of Arab origin, and had been well educated, but thrown with her mother on the world by an unfeeling step-brother. In what capacity she entered Reinhardt's family is not known; perhaps as a dancer; perhaps, since she knew Persian, to amuse the ladies with tales, or to write letters for them to their relations. However this may be, she attracted the master's notice, being, though small, well-formed, with large and lively eyes. They were perhaps married by Moslem rites, and, at any rate, when Reinhardt died, she had acquired sufficient influence to be entrusted with his estates and the command of his army. In 1781 she was baptized into the Latin Church by the name of Joanna, but she figures in the history of the times as the Begum Somroo. Reinhardt had left a son, Aloysius, the offspring of a Mohammedan woman, but he was provided for with an allowance and lived at Delhi, under a native name. And the little lady remained supreme, with her troops, a subject population, and a staff of military and civil officers. The celebrated Irishman, George Thomas, entered her service about the year 1787, and it was by his skill that the begum was enabled in 1788 to rescue the emperor from a serious danger at Gokalgurh which he had encountered from a rebel chief. In a public durbar the begum was thanked, and honored with the title of "Ornament of her sex." And now follows a strange brief

episode in a life already sufficiently romantic. She fell really in love. The gentleman who played Paul to her Virginia on this occasion was a well-conditioned young Frenchman named Levassoult, who had the command of her army after the departure of Thomas. To this officer she was united in Christian marriage in the year 1793. The union, for various reasons, was not popular with the troops, and a spirit of discontent arose which, fostered by Aloysius Reinhardt, led at last to conspiracy. The lovers, for such they really continued, agreed to escape or die together. They left Surdhana, Levassoult on horseback, the begum in her palanquin, taking with them a considerable amount of money in cash. They were pursued by the mutineers. The bearers were urged to greater exertions, but the footsteps behind grew louder. Thinking all was lost, the begum stabbed herself with a stiletto. The fact was told Levassoult. He put a pistol to his head and fell dead on the road. The rebels captured the wounded princess, and carried her back. She had not reached a vital part, and gradually recovered, but was kept in durance and subjected to indignities. Her old friend George Thomas came to her rescue. By his assistance the mutiny was put down, and Aloysius, who had appeared at Surdhana, was sent back to Delhi, where he shortly afterwards died. The begum's position was now secured. When the English appeared on the scene, and Lord Lake ultimately took Delhi, the Surdhana princess at once discerned the signs of the times, and hastened to the British camp to give in her allegiance. The hearty chief, impatient of Oriental etiquette, lifted the begum from her palanquin and gave her a good smacking kiss. This impropriety was explained by its recipient to her attendants as a parental embrace bestowed on a daughter desirous of reconciliation. For thirty years and more she continued the friend of the British, and governed her State in tranquillity and with success.

It sounds strange in these days, but

in the year 1814, when the Goorkha war broke out, the Company was so short of troops that the Begum Somroo was requested to take charge of the cantonments of Meerut. Mrs. Sherwood's husband's regiment, the 53rd, was stationed there when the orders for joining the campaign arrived, and Sherwood had of course at once to march. The authoress records: "The troops left Meerut on the 12th of October, and left it wholly unprotected, with many women and babes; but the Begum Somroo sent some of her wild bands to protect the ladies. Six men were stationed at my husband's bungalow, and these men looked so like banditti that I was constantly in dread of giving them offence. The chief of them, a tall, dark man of sinister and fearful aspect, yet such a one as an artist would delight to draw as a captain of brigands, always followed me whenever I set my foot out of doors, keeping close behind me if I walked or went in a palanquin to call on a friend."

Mrs. Sherwood had previously been introduced to the begum, and may be allowed to give her impressions.

"Early in the year 1813 the commander-in-chief, Sir George Nugent, with his lady, arrived at Meerut, and the Begum Somroo came from her own territory of Surdhana to pay her compliments to the great people. She sent her usual present of rose-water to the English ladies in the station, and I went with the colonel's lady to pay my compliments to her. The begum had engaged a bungalow in a green open plain between the cantonments and the city of Meerut, and, according to the native custom which requires all females to affect privacy, the front of the bungalow was enclosed by the canauts of a tent, made so as to resemble pillars. The old lady was sitting in the hall, on an embroidered dais, enveloped in magnificent shawls. There was no furniture whatever in the room, except the cushions and floorcloth of kincob. A number of women, by no means handsomely dressed, stood on each side of the throne."

Mrs. Sherwood had had a Persian

Testament richly bound, and presented it to her Highness under the impression that she had never seen one before. The kindly Englishwoman would have been surprised to know that one of the begum's Carmelites, Pezzoni, had translated the Bible into Hindee for the instruction of native Christians. When Bishop Heber was at Meerut in December, 1824, he received friendly messages from the begum, but as he does not mention Padre Giulio it seems unlikely that the monk was then at Surdhana. A Catholic authority states that the large church of Surdhana was consecrated by Monsignor Pezzoni in 1822. If this was so, perhaps it was opened for worship before it was finished, because Heber speaks of the church as in course of construction in 1824. There was always a Carmelite in attendance on the begum, and the names are given of Deusdedit, of Pezzoni, and Cesare. The last appears to have been the favorite, and perhaps from 1825 onwards he was settled permanently at the new palace, which by that time was completed. This was the greatest success he reached, or at any rate the happiest position he occupied. The people around him, it is true, were a strange and motley crew; but he was treated with great respect, as was indeed due to his character, against which there was never a breath. Considerable state was kept up. A dinner party was given each day at which the heads of departments met, and were reinforced at times with visitors from Meerut. There was Major Regholini, commander of the troops and architect of all the new buildings, and George Dyce, who, with the easy promotion bestowed on adventurers, was called Colonel Dyce, and was general superintendent. He had married the only child of Aloysius Sombre, and their son, David Ochterlony Dyce Sombre, was recognized by the begum as her heir. He was born in 1808, and was no relation to the princess, though great grandson of the original Reinhardt. The saloons were full of oil paintings of all sorts of soldiers of fortune and friends of the



family. At these banquets there was always a place for Padre Giulio. The band played, the wines of France flowed freely, and all seemed bright.

### III.

In 1834 the begum began to feel the infirmities of age growing upon her. She, who had been plump and comely, was now wrinkled almost beyond the imitation of Balthazar Denner, withered and epicene. There seemed a necessity for a settlement of her affairs. By deed of gift she transferred the bulk of her property to the young Dyce Sombre. And she made arrangements for bequests in support of Catholic establishments and missions. She then wrote a letter to the pope, Gregory XVI. (Capellari), detailing what she had done, and requesting him to accept a donation of some twelve thousand pounds. This was sent through the agency of Padre Giulio, whom the princess entreated might be made a bishop; and she further begged a decoration for young David, a relic for her church, and the papal benediction on herself and her work.

In December, 1835, the answer came. The pope was, of course, much pleased; he granted all that had been required of him. Padre Giulio was made Bishop of Amathus, in Cyprus, once the seat of the cult of Aphrodite (Schiller has, in his "Gods of Greece,"

Sterbliche mit Göttern und Heroen  
Huldigten in Amathunt),

and also Vicar Apostolic of Surdhana.

The relic was, doubtless, not forgotten, and the young Dyce Sombre became chevalier of the Order of Christ.

In January of the next year the begum died, and her heir confirmed all the bequests she had made; but the new bishop was dissatisfied with the provisions for his see and would not remain. Before, however, the subsequent events in the monk's career, as far as can be ascertained, are related, and in order that the last facts may refer to him, the years shall be anticipated, and the fate of Surdhana concisely told. In 1837, David Dyce Sombre arrived in

Europe, with a handsome income derived from his personal property, and with claims against the East India Company which he subsequently realized. The landed estate of Surdhana was resumed by the British government, as it had been assigned for the maintenance of a brigade no longer required. The wealthy Eurasian, being in Rome in 1839, caused a grand funeral ceremony to be performed in the Church of San Carlo in the Corso, in honor of Joanna, Princess of Surdhana; and an oration was pronounced by Cardinal Wiseman, who was then principal of the English College. This discourse is on the table; a new edition, printed at the Surdhana Press, and dated 1889. The style is less pure than Manning would have required or Newman employed, but the sentiments are grave and elevated, and appropriate to the occasion.

Dyce Sombre came in, naturally enough, for a good deal of notice in England. He married the Honorable Mary Anne Jervis, daughter of Lord St. Vincent, and got into Parliament. It is not necessary to dwell on the fallings of this unfortunate man. He had been brought up as an Oriental, and was rich enough to indulge his proclivities. Consequently his life was irregular, and, indeed, so eccentric that an attempt to have him pronounced a lunatic was in the end successful. The writer saw him at Dover in 1846—a tall, dusky, heavy-shouldered, lumpish man—skimming pebbles into the sea for pastime.

He afterwards visited Paris to escape the effects of the lunacy decision, and there remained. In 1850, he crept over to London, and at Fenton's Hotel, in shattered health, and abandoned by his sunshine friends, the chevalier met the sorrowful close of a wasted life. His remains were carried out to his Indian home. He was desirous of leaving his money away from his wife, and his will directed that all his property should be devoted to founding a school at Surdhana for the education of youths of mixed birth. To insure his wishes being carried out, he made the East



India Company his executor, and interested that corporation in his testament by leaving the chairman and deputy-chairman ten thousand pounds each. The Honorable Mary Anne Dyce Sombre afterwards married Cecil Forester, who succeeded to the barony in his family and became Lord Forester. The will was finally put aside as that of a lunatic. But the law proceedings were very protracted and expensive. The property had arisen from a grant confirmed by the Great Mogul to the odalisque of an Indian harem; and those who had to look after their interests in it were the Holy Father, and English peeress, and the East India Company.

The money, the investments, the Surdhana palace and its contents, went to Lady Forester, who only died in the spring of 1893, leaving the property to the present baron, an English clergyman. The Catholic institutions go on there, but without much vitality; the palace, with its curious if not valuable gallery of portraits, takes its untended chance—a poor one—against the effects of a climate where heat and damp are alternately in excess. But to return to the bishop.

He was dissatisfied, it is said, with the endowments for the support of himself on the death of the begum. Colonel Sleaman saw him "looking very disappointed at the smallness of his legacy." But we must try to view the matter from a Catholic standpoint. As a Franciscan, Padre Giulio could not hold private property, and, therefore, he can have been only solicitous about the interests of his see. And if, as Dyce Sombre told the pope in a letter after the flight of the prelate, "he was to have had three thousand rupees a year," looking at the then salaries of the Latin church in India, the monk could scarcely have thought the sum too small. There is reason to suspect that the arrangements placed him too much under the control of the new heir; and the padre, who must have known the life David Dyce Sombre led and the effect it was producing on his brain, may well have shrunk from a position

hurtful to his self-respect. Still he should have relied on his spiritual authority, and the desertion of his post was a fatal mistake. He seems to have felt he had acted rashly, and perhaps kept out of the way on reaching Italy, for it was not till 1841 that he was made to renounce, by formal deed, the powers entrusted to him in favor of the vicar apostolic of Hindostan. Thus he certainly incurred the censure of his superiors, and disappears from our sight in some disgrace. But it need not be supposed that any worse fate awaited him than obscurity, or perhaps some country charge, where his ecclesiastical rank may have gained him parochial deference.

In calm moments he may have looked back with interest to his early life as a missionary. He could have recalled friendly intercourse with the amiable Daniel Corrie, afterwards Bishop of Madras. As they talked over their respective methods of appealing to the native mind, they little thought of any dignities awaiting themselves. But neither the mitre of Amathunta nor that of Madras brought any accession of happiness. Corrie was thrown into an unfamiliar scene, and brought into contact with unsympathizing authority. The missionary labors he loved were restricted by new languages and new forms of creed, and he held his see little more than a solitary year. His episcopal rank led Padre Giulio directly to the commission of the irretrievable mistake of his life. Little thought the two of possible promotion in the day of small things; indeed, Corrie thought little of his when it came. But still less, perhaps, did they expect to survive in marble, in the land of their adoption. So, however, it was to be.

The fine statue of Corrie, by Weekes, stands in the cathedral of St. George at Madras; whilst a plaster model of the same dimensions as the original may be found in the Crystal Palace.

The striking group of statuary, by Tadolini of Rome, placed in the church of Surdhana by Dyce Sombre, in 1842, in memory of the begum, contains five figures of life size. One, of course,

represents Joanna Nobills herself, and close beside her may be seen the form, once admired and beloved, of Giulio Cesare Scotti, who had at her request been created *Episcopus in partibus Infidelium*.

J. W. SHEBER.

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From *The Nineteenth Century*.  
A MEDICAL VIEW OF CYCLING FOR  
LADIES.

BY W. H. FENTON, M.D.

That ladies are cycling, and that they mean to cycle, is at this moment a very obvious fact. So many are "on the wheel," and have been, for a sufficient length of time, that we are already in a position to fairly review the effects, to decide whether they have done well in overcoming deep-rooted prejudices and revolutionizing a trade. It is not our purpose to consider what Mrs. Grundy may have said or thought about the question, but whether women as women should or should not cycle. Does it injure or improve the health of those who attempt it?

At the outset the medical profession said little, but unquestionably it looked askance, and there was a solemn wagging of grey beards and a low-pitched murmur of "grave consequences" to be anticipated. Small wonder, when one remembers that medical men, to whose opinion the greatest weight would be most likely to be attached, had themselves, from age and considerations of dignity, no practical experience of the art.

The old-fashioned "ordinary" with its huge front driving wheel and the scramble to reach the saddle, to say nothing of what might happen to its occupant when once there, had doubtless much to answer for.

Then came the "whippet," but, alas! with it the "scorcher" with his bowed back well besprinkled with mud, his awful swoop on the harmless but necessary pedestrian, made more unpleasant by the ridiculous note of warning from his infantile fog horn.

Enough surely to raise alarms of

strains, of "bicycle backs," and of appalling accidents amidst congested traffic. But the big wheel has gone, the scorcher is on his death-bed, and the "bicycle back" has never been developed.

Women would cycle. How they began, when or where, history telleth not.

The "whippet" made mounting and dismounting easy; the "drop frame" made both still easier; the pneumatic tyre banished other jars. Ladies never scorched. The tailor has done the rest, and here we are in the year of grace, 1896, with women cycling on every decent day on every bit of level road.

The medical profession alas! cannot claim that it has the credit of having urged or even advised women to cycle. Just as ever, women have tasted the fruit for themselves, with less harm to the sex and the world at large than followed Eve's historical experiment.

Let it at once be said, an organically sound woman can cycle with as much impunity as a man. Thank Heaven, we know now that this is not one more of the sexual problems of the day. Sex has nothing to do with it, beyond the adaptation of machine to dress and dress to machine.

With cycles as now perfected there is nothing in the anatomy or the physiology of a woman to prevent their being fully and freely enjoyed within the limits defined by common sense.

For many generations women have been debarred from the benefits and pleasures of physical recreation; but the tide of public opinion has turned. Riding, hunting, tennis, golf, are already on their list. The rational enjoyment of these pastimes has been productive of nothing but good to mind and body alike. The limit of physical endurance in women is much sooner reached, of course, than in men, doubtless due more to hereditary disuse of their motor centres, and their organs of locomotion, circulation, and respiration, than to sex. Time will level this up. Women are capable of great physical improvement where the opportunity exists. Dress even now heavily handi-

caps them. How fatiguing and dangerous were heavy petticoats and flowing skirts in cycling even a few years ago, the plucky pioneers alone can tell us.

There may be something yet to be done in making the machines more perfect, in increasing rigidity, in reduction of weight, and in banishing tyre troubles; but already the ladies' cycle is, when turned out by a first-class firm, a splendid mount.

Dress, on the other hand, is in the early stages of evolution. The strife between the æsthetic and the useful will probably end in compromise.

It seems almost unnecessary to enter into a discussion as to the choice between tricycle and bicycle; but, as the question is sometimes raised by those who have no experience of either, it may be as well to say why the rear-driving safety bicycle should be the one selected.

To learn to ride a tricycle certainly is somewhat easier, and it is possible to come to a complete standstill upon it when amongst traffic. Having said this, no more can be advanced in its favor. On the other hand, it is much heavier, requiring far more power to propel it. It is very liable to overturn on taking a sharp curve. A jolt to either side wheel is felt much more than any jar received in the central line of the machine.

A spill from a tricycle is a serious matter, as the rider cannot clear herself of the machine. Mounting and dismounting are difficult and clumsy performances at the best. Picking one's way amongst ruts and stones is almost impossible with its three wheels.

The acquisition of a safe balance on the rear-driving safety is much more easily attained than would appear at first sight. When the difficulties of balance are overcome propulsion is very easy, and requires the very minimum of effort on a good level road. Mounting and dismounting soon become, too, a simple matter.

There is less difficulty in slowing down a bicycle and stepping off than in bringing a tricycle to a standstill.

Increasing practice gives the rider far more control over a bicycle than ever can be obtained over a tricycle. It comes then to this, that the rider of an up-to-date bicycle is less liable to accident and is exposed to far less fatigue than those who, from want of knowledge and timidity, adopt the tricycle. This question of fatigue is of the utmost importance to women.

From time out of mind it has become an axiom that a man is the better for all the physical exercise he can take short of exhaustion or damage to his organs. Prejudice alone has prevented this view being held with regard to women.

Bit by bit as they have overcome this deep-rooted prejudice with regard to one physical recreation or another, women are proving that exercise within the same limits is just as beneficial to them as to men. It is true they are handicapped by dress, by the disuse of their muscular system for generations, and by the lack of the early training which every schoolboy has the benefit of.

Cycling is the ideal exercise to bring about a revolution in this respect. The amount of muscular and organic effort to be put forth for its accomplishment can be regulated exactly to be always within the powers of the individual. Herein lies the crux of the whole question. A sound woman can cycle, and with benefit to herself. Muscular development and power of endurance vary enormously in different women, just as in different men. Both must vary with age and with previous training. Many women, unaccustomed as they are to physical exertion in its manifold forms, are more likely than men to forget the necessity of *condition*, and of coming to their work gradually. The experience of one will regulate the proceedings of another, so that with here and there an unfortunate mistake by an enthusiast but little harm will be done in the long run. The learner, by her very keenness, who is anxious to outstrip some acquaintance who may have exaggerated her performances, is very apt to overdo it.

Patience and practice will bring it all right.

The muscles upon which the most demand is made are those of the lower extremity. In the majority of women these muscles are speedily developed by cycling. The *lower extremity* of the human female has great latent possibilities, but time must be allowed and opportunity for practice given. Amongst other muscles, too, which have to be called in requisition are the erectors of the spine. On the proper use of these especially depend the appearance of the cyclist; the "scorcher" did not bring them into play, but relaxed the lot. He has not lived in vain if he has made every woman cyclist determine she would never make such an object of herself.

The large abdominal muscles do but little in riding downhill or on level ground; but in hill-climbing great strain is thrown upon them. There are many reasons why women should not overtax this group. Probably the idea that these muscles might be greatly overstrained in cycling has had much to do with checking the enthusiasm of the medical profession in advocating this exercise for women. This objection is at once silenced by refraining from pounding up steep inclines.

The muscles of the arms, chest, and shoulders play minor but important parts. They will be used to their benefit or abused to their detriment according to the position adopted. Intelligent instruction of the debutante and proper adjustment of handle-bars and saddle will clear up every difficulty in this respect. The "scorcher's" position is again the wholesome warning. His function in the cycling world is that of the helot in Sparta, who was made drunk to show society what an objectionable thing was the abuse of alcohol. To ride well within the capacity of muscular power and endurance and in good form will never hurt any sound woman. Fortunately the good form that pleases the eye is the very best for the rider. We may safely trust women to adopt it.

As to the organs affected by cycling,

to begin with, the heart has to take its full share. Travelling on the flat and downhill it will have to do a little extra work, which if reasonably graduated will do good to its muscular substance; its frequency and power of contraction will be slightly increased. So much the better for the heart and for the body generally. An unsound heart may be much embarrassed. This will be much exaggerated on struggling with a head wind or in mounting uphill. Bad valvular mischief should be regarded as an absolute bar to cycling. Mere weakness of the muscular fibre, on the other hand, will be distinctly benefited by common-sense riding. Improved action of the heart means better circulation of the blood through the limbs, lungs, brain, liver, etc., and gives that general sensation of improved health summed up in the word "fit." Muscular action in every limb helps the return flow of blood through the veins to the heart.

Women are very subject to varicose veins in the legs. Cycling often rids them of this trouble. A girl who has had to stand for hours and hours serving behind a counter gets relief untold from an even *az* spin on her "bike." Her circulation has been improved, and the aches and pains which would have shortly made an old woman of her have gone, and a sense of exhilaration and relief has taken their place.

Lungs perform their function of oxygenation of the blood well or badly as they are used wisely or not. The blood must be pumped efficiently through them by a strong heart with sufficient frequency; inspiration and expiration must also take place with appropriate rhythm to keep the body in perfect health. Motion with but slight exertion through fresh air promotes this enormously. There are no greater enemies to tubercle and its hateful bacilli than fresh air, exercise, and light. Anæmia will disappear under the same conditions.

The diseases of women take a front place in our social life; but if looked into, ninety per cent. of them are functional ailments begotten of ennui

and lack of opportunity of some means of working off their superfluous muscular, nervous, and organic energy. The effect of cycling within the physical capacity of a woman acts like a charm for gout, rheumatism, and indigestion. Sleeplessness, so-called "nerves," and all those petty miseries for which the "liver" is so often made the scapegoat, disappear in the most extraordinary way with the fresh air inhaled, and with the tissue destruction and reconstruction effected by exercise and exhilaration.

Anæmia is very prevalent amongst adolescent girls, and with it languor, morbid fancies and appetites. There is no better antidote to this than free oxygenation of the blood, improvement in circulation, helped still further by getting the patient out into the air and sunshine. It was expected that women specially might be exposed to injury from internal strains and from the effects of shaking and jarring when riding on the roads. In practice this has been found to be nothing but a bogey. The up-to-date machine is so well made that there is no strain in propulsion. Improved springs to the saddle, a proper distribution of the rider's weight, so that a fair proportion of it is transferred to the pedals, and the resiliency of the pneumatic tyre have all tended to reduce the shaking and jolting on a reasonably good road to a minimum. Already thousands of women qualifying for general invalidism have been rescued by cycling. With regard to the unsound, each case must be dealt with on its merits. Ruptures and displacement of organs can generally be so treated and supported by mechanical appliances that the sufferer can be practically considered sound. To go to work without appropriate mechanical support would be most reckless. Badly diseased valves, especially if it were the aortic group that were affected, would make the most moderate cycling a dangerous pursuit.

Old people, with their brittle vessels and degenerate muscles, need to place a limit on their physical ambition, to

avoid sudden strain, and to give themselves time to get in condition. The young, growing girl, too, must be watched and warned that her youthful keenness should not carry her on beyond her powers of endurance and easy recuperation. To those who overdo it at once come the warnings of sleeplessness and loss of appetite—the very opposite effects to those produced when moderate exercise is taken. Chills are sometimes caught by getting overheated and tired, and then resting by the roadside. It is the beginner who usually gets over-hot, and who has not had sufficient experience to know how much she can do, and what pace she should go.

Inappropriate dress has a certain number of chills to account for. When fair practice has been made, and the "hot stage," so to speak, is over, the feet, ankles, neck, and arms get very cold when working up against wind. Gaiters or spats, high collars, close-fitting sleeves meet this difficulty. Summer or winter it is far safer to wear warm absorbent under-clothing and avoid cotton.

Beginners are very apt, from timidity, to ride with the saddle too low; the leg is never fully extended, the knee always a little flexed. This makes the knee ache badly after a longish spin, and if persisted in will cause "synovitis." Raising the saddle soon alters all that.

The lady's saddle is as yet the most imperfect part of the machine. When made like a man's it is too hard, too long, and too narrow. The under springs should be supple, to minimize concussion. The fork should be short and be sufficiently sunk to receive none of the weight of the body, its use being to guide the rider back into the saddle if she be momentarily jolted out of it. The saddle should be wide, because in a well-built woman the tuberosities of the ischia, which carry the weight of the body in the sitting posture, are further apart than in men.

The majority of women have wisely set their faces against racing and record-breaking. Both are physio-



logical crimes. If women cycle on common-sense terms for pleasure and health, the sex and the community at large will greatly benefit, and all prejudices will be assuredly overcome.

Accidents have unfortunately happened, and will happen, but increasing practice and confidence will reduce the proportion of these to riders. Something may yet be done to prevent side-slip, the most fruitful of all causes. As the scorcher undergoes suppression there will be greater forbearance shown by the drivers of vehicles, and the streets will become safer. The accidents to ladies fortunately have so far been little more than abrasions and sprains, their escape from anything more serious being due principally to the ease with which they can dismount from a drop-frame machine, and to the moderate pace at which they are content to travel.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
LIFE FROM THE LOST ATLANTIS.

BY ST. GEORGE MIVART.

The region to which American politicians tell us their Monroe doctrine is applicable is wide enough, yet it now seems that, had an area of subsidence been somewhat differently conditioned, it might have extended over the whole of Australia. It might have done so, that is, if we have rightly interpreted the meaning of some facts concerning animal life which have recently become known.

The sudden discovery of a small animal has thrown a flood of light on the past history of a great part of our southern hemisphere, just as in many a romance, a crisis is brought about by the revelation of some hidden and little anticipated piece of evidence.

In this case there is a great, almost a ludicrous, contrast between the apparent insignificance of the tiny animal we are concerned with, and the vastness of the problem his appearance may be said to have solved. Instead of "Mountains in labor" bringing forth "a

mouse," it is the *ridiculus mus* which gives birth to a whole continent before our mental vision.

In order that the full significance of this curious fact should be understood—or rather in order that our readers should be able to apprehend it at all—it is necessary to enter into a few details concerning the beasts which inhabit America and Australia now, and their respective relations to commoner animals and to past times.

Visitors who explored America within the century after its discovery by Columbus, were surprised at finding novelties both numerous and strange, not the least amongst which was the "opossum." Many species of opossum (about a score) inhabit Central and South America, but the common opossum—the opossum *par excellence*—is that called the "Virginian opossum," which, as its name implies, is an inhabitant of the United States.

It is an animal of about the size of a cat, with a pointed snout, a prehensile tail, and it is clothed with long, loose black and white hair. But its most remarkable character is the possession beneath the hinder part of the body of a pouch, wherein are the nipples. Within it the young find shelter, when alarmed, after they are able to get about, but at birth they are naked, blind, little defined in shape, and weighing scarcely more than a grain.

These facts soon became known, and the animal was carefully described. A female was described by Tyon in 1698 under the title "The Anatomie of the Opossum," a male was described by W. Cooper in 1704. But it took a hundred and fifty years to make men of science understand how great was the novelty that had been found, the full significance of its structure remaining still a secret. To appreciate this, it was necessary that other forms, more or less allied to it, should become known. The first sign of the coming revelation which attracted attention, was a rumor that such a creature was also to be found in the East. Seba, in the middle of the eighteenth century, stated that an animal of the kind had been sent to



him from Amboyna, for which assertion he was roundly taken to task by Buffon, in his tenth volume, published in 1763.

An earlier statement, but one which attracted little attention, was made by a Dutch traveller, Cornelius de Bruins, who, in 1711, saw at Batavia a creature which we now know to have been a sort of kangaroo. Of this he gave a fairly good figure in his account of his travels through Muscovy, Persia, and India, which was published at Amsterdam in 1714.

Half a century later the Royal Society took a step which helped much towards a knowledge of facts bearing on the question with which we are concerned. It recommended an expedition to the Society Islands for observing the transit of Venus which took place in 1769.

Thereupon Captain (then Lieutenant) Cook with Mr. (afterward Sir Joseph) Banks set sail in 1768, and, the observation of Venus having been completed, proceeded in the spring of 1770 to eastern Australia, visiting, amongst other places, a spot which, on account of the number of new and strange plants there to be found, received the name of "Botany Bay." Subsequently, when detained by an accident in Endeavor River, some sailors sent on shore reported they "had seen an animal, as large as a greyhound, of a slender make, and extremely swift." "Two days afterwards," Captain Cook continues, "as I was walking in the morning at a little distance from the ship, I myself saw one of the animals." A fortnight afterwards (July 8th), some of the crew "set out with the first dawn in search of game, and in a walk of many miles they saw four animals of the same kind, two of which Mr. Banks's greyhound fairly chased, but they threw him out at a great distance by leaping over the long, thick grass, which prevented his running. This animal was observed not to run upon four legs, but to bound or leap forward upon two, like the jerboa. . . . This animal is called by the natives *Kangaroo*. The next day our kangaroo was dressed for dinner, and proved most excellent meat."

Such is the earliest notice of the observation of this animal by Englishmen.

As Australia became better known it was found to be inhabited by beasts of many kinds, all of which were previously unknown, while they almost all agreed with the American opossums, in that they were "pouched," or "*Marsupial*," animals. Not unnaturally, therefore, some of these creatures were also called "opossums," though the name had better have been reserved for the American Marsupials exclusively, which are the only "true opossums."

Now for our present purpose, which is to appreciate the significance of the little messenger from a vanished land, we must note certain characters which distinguish some portions of the animals of Australia (the beasts of which are almost all "marsupial") from other portions.

As regards the animals of the rest of the world which, except the true opossums, are not "marsupial," every one knows there are different sets of them (technically called "orders") amongst which are such as: (1) the rats, mice, squirrels, flying-squirrels, marmots, porcupines, etc., which are all "gnawers" or *Rodents*; (2) the flesh-eating beasts—dogs, cats, lions, bears, etc.—which are termed *Carnivores*; (3) hedgehogs, shrews, and their allies (including the mole, so wonderfully modified for life underground), which, on account of the sort of food they will mostly eat, are known as *Insectivores*; (4) antelopes, deer, etc., adapted for grazing, with rapid powers of locomotion for gaining pastures new, and having nails modified into hoofs, and therefore named *Ungulates*.

It might have been expected that the Australian beasts, differing as they do from those of all other parts of the world (save true opossums), and being essentially alike in organization, should closely resemble each other in form and habit.

But so far is this from being the case, that they are divisible with groups which are plainly comparable with the four groups of ordinary non-marsupial

beasts which we have just selected for comparison.

Thus the Australian "wombats" are comparable with "marmots," and there are animals called "phalangiers" comparable with squirrels, especially because some of them are modified to take long jumps like the flying-squirrels. The marsupials known as the "Tasmanian wolf," and those termed "native cats," are flesh-eaters, and so analogous to non-marsupial carnivores—true dogs and cats, etc. There are insect-eating Australian beasts, called "bandicoots" (*Peramelidæ*), comparable with non-marsupial insectivores, and there is a marsupial mole wonderfully modified for underground life like the common mole.

Finally the kangaroos may be compared with the ungulates. It is true that the nails are not hoof-shaped, yet they are greatly enlarged, and the limbs of kangaroos are so modified as to enable them to rapidly traverse wide arid plains in pursuit of water and nutritious herbage, as antelopes do.

When this curious parallel between the constituent groups of "marsupials" and of ordinary "non-marsupial" beasts became recognized, and modified views respecting evolution were applied to it, the interesting question at once arose whether the rodents, carnivores, insectivores, ungulates, etc., of the marsupial tribe were respectively the ancestors of the ordinary, non-marsupial rodents, carnivores, insectivores, ungulates, etc., or whether all marsupials arose independently from originally non-marsupial ancestors.

The former alternative was favored by the late Professor Huxley in his Hunterian lecture of the subject, but the latter interpretation is the one we prefer.

We will not delay, however, over this question, which for our purpose is but a subordinate side issue. We will but beg our readers' attention to two main facts of marsupial organization which directly bear upon the question, "Did an Atlantis once exist or have the Atlantic and Pacific oceans been mainly

what they now are ever since the world was first peopled with animal life?"

The Australian Marsupials may be divided into three sets. (1.) One of these, of which the kangaroos, phalangiers, and wombats may be taken as types, have in the front of the lower jaw two long teeth which extend forwards almost horizontally. This form of dentition (or tooth arrangement) is technically known as *Diprotodont*.

But they have another character, and one much more peculiar, which relates to the structure of their hind feet. The second and third toes, in each case, are reduced in size and more or less completely enclosed in one fold of skin. This character is incipient in the wombat, koala, and phalangiers, but is found most completely developed in the kangaroo. Each of its hind limbs has (like that of an antelope or deer) but two large and conspicuous toes. They are, however, of unequal size, and the inner one, which is much the larger, bears a very long and strong claw. On the inner side of this large toe is what, at first sight, appears to be a very small one, ending in two minute claws placed side by side. An examination of the bones of the foot, however, shows that this slender and apparently two-clawed toe really consists of two exceedingly slender ones bound together in a common fold of skin. This bound-up condition of the second and third toes of the hind foot is technically termed *syndactyle*.

(2.) The other set of Australian Marsupials—such as the Tasmanian wolf, the so-called native cats, and certain smaller beasts, called phascogales—are distinguished from the former set by having neither a diprotodont dentition nor syndactyle feet. Every Australian beast which has a diprotodont dentition has also a syndactyle foot.

(3.) But those curious animals before mentioned as "bandicoots" (*Peramelidæ*), are not diprotodont, and yet have the feet syndactyle, and in one of them this is carried to a very singular extreme, while its fore feet are also so modified that they have procured for it the name of the "Pig-footed Bandicoot."

These Peramelidæ may be reckoned as a third set.

We began our rapid sketch of the Marsupials with the opossum from Virginia, but since then have said nothing about the American species of true opossums. To these we must now briefly return. They are true Marsupials, and yet they are widely divergent from all those which find their home in Australia and the islands which approach it. They differ least, however, from the group containing the Tasmanian wolf and the so-called native cats, as, like them, the American opossums have neither a diprotodont dentition nor a syndactyle foot, both of which conditions have been absolutely characteristic of, and exclusively found in, Australia and certain islands in its vicinity.

The deep and wide Atlantic ocean, therefore, which completely and absolutely divides every kind<sup>1</sup> of ape of the Old World from every kind of the very different apes of the New World, was also supposed equally to divide the isolated group of American opossums from every Marsupial possessing either a syndactyle foot or diprotodont teeth, and from every creature allied to the Tasmanian wolf or the native cats of Australia. The Australian region was a region utterly apart, and distinguished no less by the absence within its bounds of beasts found elsewhere,<sup>2</sup> than by its own peculiar animal population, and also by its remarkably exceptional flora.

On the other side of the Atlantic, the American continent was found to differ greatly with respect to its animal population as we descend from the north, through Central America, into the great forest region of Brazil and the plains of the Pampas. Only from Central America southwards do we find apes, ant-eaters, sloths, armadillos, a score of species of opossums, and also llamas.

These facts had long been familiar to

naturalists when Mr. R. J. Tomes received from Mr. Fraser a small animal about the size of a water shrew, which had been obtained from Ecuador. He described it to the Zoological Society of London in 1860,<sup>3</sup> under the name *Hyracodon fouliginosus*. He had intended to name it *Sorexodon*, but the secretary of the society, shocked at a name so composed of Greek and Latin, suggested that as *ὑραξ* means a shrew, it might be called *Hyracodon*. This name, however, cannot stand, as it had been previously applied to denote a fossil form allied to the rhinoceros.

The new American species subsequently excited a great deal of interest, and Sir William Flower, K.C.B., did all that was possible to obtain a sight of the specimen, which remained in Mr. Tomes's possession. It seems, however, that it could not be extricated from the entanglement of its surroundings. A quarter of a century was destined to pass away without any gratification being given to the anxious wishes of naturalists for further information concerning the mysterious little visitor from South America. Quite recently, however, Mr. Oldfield Thomas, F.Z.S., of the British Museum, received another small beast, from Bogotá, which he found to be a novelty brimful of interest. He recognized it as being closely allied to Mr. Tomes's species; but as the name bestowed on it by the latter gentleman could not stand, he described it,<sup>4</sup> at a meeting recently held by the Zoological Society, on December 17th, 1895, under the name of *Cænolestes obscurus*.

This little, apparently insignificant, mouse-like creature turns out to be an animal of extreme interest, for it affords strong evidence that what we now know as South America and Australia must have been connected, and the Atlantic at least bridged by dry land, if even an Antarctic continent may

<sup>1</sup> Old-World monkeys have been introduced into one or two West Indian Islands by man, and have there run wild.

<sup>2</sup> The wild dog, or Dingo, was probably introduced by man.

<sup>3</sup> See the Proceedings of the Zoological Society for 1860, p. 213.

<sup>4</sup> By the instrumentality of Mr. R. Lydekker, F.G.S., Mr. Oldfield Thomas not being, unfortunately, well enough to himself appear at the meeting.

not have existed, of which South America and Australia are divergent and diverse outgrowths.

The little animal so recently described by Mr. Thomas, like the allied form previously made known (very imperfectly) by Mr. Tomes, is in all respects undoubtedly and thoroughly marsupial; and not only marsupial, but marsupial with a *diprotodont dentition*. The fact is indeed a startling one, while it serves to prove that certain fossil remains previously made known by Señor Ameghino, of Buenos Ayers, were also marsupial and closely allied forms.

But though the newly discovered beast has its teeth formed on the type common to the phalangiers and kangaroos it has not the syndactyle foot. On the principles of evolution, therefore, it may be contended that, at the time when the kangaroo and phalanger-like dentition became developed as it now exists in the new mammal, "syndactylism" had not yet made its appearance.

But, it may be objected, "if there was this connection between South America and Australia, why did not the true opossums enter Australia, and why are they not found there now (as also llamas); and why are not such creatures as the Tasmanian wolf and the native cats found in South America?"

When we examine the evidences of the past life of the world we become aware that true opossums once inhabited Europe, while there exist strong reasons for thinking that at one time South and North America were widely separated by the ocean.

At that period of separation South America was most likely entirely devoid of true opossums, which only descended into it, with the llamas (originally northern types), at a long subsequent period, after a junction with North America had been effected.

In the earlier and detached condition of South America, it was probably much richer in Australoid forms of life, for Señor Ameghino has of late given us reason to believe that creatures allied to the Tasmanian wolf and the so-called native cats *did* then inhabit it.

Altogether, then, the view which the existing distribution of marsupial animals and their fossil remains would seem to suggest may be expressed as follows: At a very remote period, ages before the deposition of the tertiary rocks (which are superimposed on the chalk), there was in the northern hemisphere a widely diffused fauna of small marsupials, some rare survivors of which existed on even till the deposition of the chalk. They appear, then, to have receded till they found a home in Australia or South America, or in land between those two regions, or possibly in an Antarctic continent. Amongst them forms arose possessing a diprotodont dentition.

After a certain lapse of time the Australian region became isolated, and then probably developed its rich and exclusively marsupial fauna, not a few of the animals composing it gaining in some way a syndactyle foot.

The then separated South America preserved its marsupial fauna, which may have been but a poor one, and which does not appear to have developed a syndactyle foot. But its population became as rich and almost as peculiar in certain directions as that of Australia did in others.

Next came an elevation of land, uniting North America with South, resulting, as before mentioned, in an influx of northern forms, the opossum amongst them, which multiplied its kind in rich forest regions and in fruitful plains abounding in insect food.

During the lapse of these ages of ages multitudes of species doubtless passed away and left no trace; but, nevertheless, abundant fossil treasures have been discovered which plainly tell us that the antecedent fauna of both South America and Australia was an extremely rich one, and rich in forms resembling those which are there respectively to be found to-day. Gigantic kangaroos and wombats preceded their existing Australian representatives, as great glyptodons and armadillos preceded in America the armadillos of to-day. Amidst the extinction of so many species and such

vast geographical changes it seems remarkable indeed to find this humble shrew-like little beast, the *Cænolestes* of Mr. Oldfield Thomas, surviving, and so far as we yet know, alone surviving, such a wreck of worlds. This small dumb witness of an age we cannot imagine testifies to us as efficiently, as unconsciously, concerning a condition of the earth's surface as it was before either South America or Australia could be truly said to be—save as yet unseparated elements of a South Atlantic Continent. Until it was produced before the fellows of the Zoological Society and their friends, few, we doubt if any, suspected or hoped that a survivor would ever appear upon the scene capable of bearing its dumb testimony to the former existence of what is now the long-lost Atlantis land.

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From The Sunday Magazine.  
A CASE OF SENTIMENT.  
A WEST COUNTRY SKETCH.  
BY CHRISTOPHER HARE.  
AUTHOR OF "DOWN THE VILLAGE STREET."  
"Le devoir que tu dévines te lie  
Dès l'instant que tu l'as déviné."  
AMIEL.

The summer evening was closing in, and the shadows of the tall poplars by the roadside fell aslant the village street and rested on the grey front of the low cottage at the corner, with its high thatched roof and stone-mullioned windows. At the open door stood a little old woman, upright as a dart, with homely features refined by a lifetime of patient and unselfish toil. Her dark hair, scarcely touched with grey, was smoothed back under a neat frilled cap, and she wore a faded black gown which showed off her trim, almost girlish figure. The day's work was over, and she had come out on the threshold of her home to enjoy the mellow sweetness of clambering roses and clematis, with which the slumberous air was laden.

Louie Cole was a lonely woman with neither kith nor kin, and she eked out her narrow livelihood by selling a few

sweets and toys to the children of Combe, as they passed her door on their way to school. Her front window was adorned with sundry glass bottles full of colored "goodies," with tin mugs and balls of string, and angular jointed dolls and wooden horses, and such-like stock in trade. The passing months saw but little change in that simple array of delights, for it was only at rare intervals that some happy child came to make a larger purchase than "a farden's wu'th o' all zorts."

The shop alone would have been but a poor mainstay, but Louie had also a small annuity from her old mistress, who had died more than twenty years before; moreover she earned something by making smock-frocks, though these ancient garments were sadly going out of fashion in the village, and her more delicate and elaborate stitches were no longer needed.

As she stood looking out with wistful eyes towards the rosy western sky, something of its radiance was reflected on her pale face, and after the sultry heat of the day, she felt soothed and caressed by the balmy freshness of the air. Suddenly she was roused by the sound of approaching footsteps, and saw her neighbor, Jane Varden, coming quickly round the corner. The young woman was looking more slatternly and untidy than usual, with her dirty sunbonnet put on all awry, and her sleeves still tucked up from her work, but her face was full of eager excitement.

"Oh Louie! have 'ee heard the news?" she cried. "You mid'a knocked I down wi' a feather, when our Dick, he comed hoam i' the wagon, a drèven, as proud's a peacock, all by hissell, an' telled I about pore wold Gideon."

Her listener started as though a blow had struck her, and with trembling lips could hardly frame the question:—

"What have a come to he? Do 'ee tell I quick, Jeâne!"

"Why look 'ee see, t'wur like this. Varmer Yeatman sent he in to Mere betimes this mornen, wi' a load o' new hay, an' he'd a got there all right, zo fur's the Market Plaaace, when he gie



our Dick the reins, an' slid down vor to walk a bit, when all ov a sudden, down he fell in a fit." At this climax of her story, a stifled groan checked her for a moment, then she went on, all undaunted:—

"He've a rare lot o' sense vor a lad o' twelve, have our Dick, an' he got the wold man a tookt to the 'Firmary, an' wi' all the bother o' the meäster's hay, an' the wagon, an' the hosses, why ef he did'n go up to the doctor, so bold as brass, an' zays he 'Please zir, what be the matter wi' Glideon Seamark?'"

"An' what did the doctor zay?" asked old Louie, bending forwards in breathless anxiety.

"Zays he, 'He'll never do nar'a stöke o' wark no more, an' us caän't do nought vor 'un, zo do 'ee tell his vo'ks vor to come an' fetch 'en hoam o' Zatturday.'" Jane Varden paused, to give full dramatic effect to the verdict; then she continued:—

"Tes just about a bad job, vor he've nar' a soul belongen' to he, an' zo he mun goo to the work'us. I thought as I'd run down street an' tell 'ee, but I caän't bide no longer vor tes all ov' a caddle to hoam, wi' Ben an' the children. Zo good night to 'ee mis'ess."

The messenger of ill tidings was gone, but the old woman stood there on the threshold awhile, half-dazed, trying to realize what she had heard. Then she turned away from the sunset glow, and with slow, uncertain steps went back into her low, dark room, and sat down on the nearest chair, with her hands crossed on her knees, and her eyes fixed blankly on the expiring embers of the hearth.

"Poor old Glideon!" Her heart ached for him, as she thought of the sudden blow which had struck him down in the midst of his work, and left him helpless and desolate in his old age, with only the workhouse before him, unless—the sudden thought almost took away her breath. What if she, Louie Cole, were to take upon herself the burden of his suffering and misery? He was no kin to her, and what claim had he upon her devotion? The answer was not far to seek.

She rose slowly from her seat, and took down from the shelf a little old rosewood workbox. The key hung to a black ribbon round her neck, and when she had unlocked it, she wiped her tear-dimmed eyes, and put on her spectacles. Then, with reverent touch, she took out a bundle of old letters, yellow with age and worn with frequent handling. They were all in the same cramped handwriting, on thin foreign paper, and were signed, "David Seamark." In those two words, the romance of her life was centred. As she looked back through the mist of years, it seemed only the other day that she was a young girl, in the prime of life and hope, walking side by side with her lover David, through the pleasant meadows, all aglow with daffodils and primroses, or by the winding river's bank.

Could she ever forget the cruel parting before he went out to Australia, with kindled energy, to earn a home worthy of her? Next rose up before her the vision of those long, weary years of patient waiting darkened by news of ill-luck and sickness and disappointment; till there came a day which brought her the joyful tidings that the long-expected home was ready, and money was enclosed for her passage out. With trembling fingers, the old woman unfolded that precious last letter, and read once more the record of a far-off flash of happiness.

"BARRA CREEK.

"Feb. 17th, 1861.

"My dear Louie,—

"this come hopen to find you well as it leve me at this present. An now the Lord be prased all our trubbles be come to an end for Ive a saved a tidey bit o' money an have a got a nice house only waiten for a mis'ess, an a garden an a feild, and my dear Louie you muss come so sune as ever you can. An I send the money for the journey an a paper wi all perticklars how to get here, an the things as youll want. I sez to mysell Louie be a comen an tes too good for to be true. So no more at present from

"your loven DAVID."



She knew it all by heart, every word of it, and so too with the fatal message which followed it so quickly, not much more than a week later. This was in another handwriting and was sent to Louie Cole, because hers was the only address found, when David Seamark was lying dead of the pestilence, "which killeth in the noonday." Of the poor fellow's savings, nothing ever reached England, but Louie's journey money paid for a headstone to his memory in Combe churchyard.

Thus ended the story of her love, but a broken heart is not always a fatal complaint, and Louie Cole lived on with her old mistress until that home was broken up by death when, drawn by old associations, she came back to settle in her native village. The Seamarks, who were Chillerton people originally, had all passed away except the eldest brother, Gideon, who had come to live in Combe and worked for Farmer Yeatman. He was not popular in the village, being of a shy, reserved nature, but Louie proved a kind friend to him for the sake of old memories. She washed and mended for him, took him a bit of hot dinner every Sunday, and did many another neighborly office to make life more pleasant for the lonely old man. But now all this had come suddenly to an end.

The sentence had gone forth that he would never more do a stroke of work; he could earn no wages to pay the rent of his poor cottage, and there was nothing before him but the shame and dependence and restraint of the workhouse.

"No, no; Gideon Idden never brought so low as that!" cried the poor woman, in eager protest, as she restlessly clasped and unclasped her hands. "My David, he would'n never forgive I, if so be I let en go to the workus, an' they such decent vo'ks. Never shall my dear lad's brother want for a roof over's head, and a crust o' bread so long as I've got a one. Sam Bewley shall take I in to Mere to-morrow, an I'll bring Gideon back to hoam, vor to bide wi' me; so I will."

Having once made up her mind which

way her duty pointed, Louie's practical common sense asserted itself to carry out her plan. She must settle it all at once, for she would have to start in the carrier's van betimes in the morning. Of course the old man could be brought back to his own home for one night, if necessary, and that would give her time to make her cottage ready to receive him. If he were helpless and partly paralyzed, he could never mount the steep ladder-like staircase to the upper chamber, and his bed must be put in the corner, against the wall where the old black bureau stood. She looked round the familiar room, which it had been her pride and pleasure to keep in such perfect order, and she thought of Gideon's own untidy den, darkened with the fumes of his pipe.

She glanced at the varied row of plates and cups on the polished dresser, each one of which had a history of its own; the shining brass candlesticks and cooking pots, the china ornaments, dog and shepherdesses who seemed to stare at her all unmoved. Then her eyes wandered to the pictures on the walls, mostly memorial cards with urns and weeping willows, and here and there a more cheerful colored print, and her own elaborate sampler hanging in the place of honor; till at last she paused before a little dark silhouette, cut out in black paper, which must have been a dismal caricature of the David she had loved. But for all that it was her most valued possession, and recalled those happy days, for the memory of which she was prepared to sacrifice the rest of her life.

In the low, broad window stood a row of flowers in pots, scarlet geraniums and petunias and musk; carefully tended treasures, which yet did not add much to the cheerfulness of the room, for all the blossoms were turned away towards the light. Above them hung the cage of her canary, the only living companion of her peaceful home.

All that long summer night, old Louie never closed her eyes; and clearly before her rose up the vision of what this deed of charity would mean for

her. Her scanty pittance, which barely kept the wolf from the door when there was only herself to provide for, would have to be shared with a sick man who would need more dainty fare than hers. The quiet days when she had only her own simple way of life to arrange, and was free to dwell undisturbed in the cherished past—all these were at an end; her time, her thoughts; her very life would henceforth be devoted to the service of poor Gideon, of whom rumor whispered that he was not easy to live with at the best of times. Yet the brave little woman never dreamt of drawing back; she saw her duty before her, and went dauntlessly forth to meet it, in silent heroism.

It was nearly eleven o'clock next morning, and every nook and crannie of the quaint old High Street at Mere was flooded with sunshine, when the carrier's van from Combe Dallwood rumbled over the stones, and the old white horse pulled up at the great gate of the County Infirmary. It had been a hot, dusty drive, and poor Louie Cole had shrunk back silently in her corner from the noisy talk and merriment of her companions, who were coming in to the Saturday Market, full of spirits and bent on business or pleasure. She was glad to get down and stretch her cramped limbs, even amid the bustle and hurry of the passers-by in the crowded street. For now, that she had reached her destination, a sudden nervousness came over the old woman, and the plan which had seemed so simple at a distance, needed all her courage to carry out. Only by a strong effort could she summon up assurance enough to cross the broad courtyard, and ring the porter's bell.

There were other people waiting, and she had to take her turn.

"In the Ambrose Ward, first floor, second door to the right," were the official's curt directions, in answer to her timid inquiry.

With trembling steps, the shrinking pathetic figure passed up the staircase and along the stone corridor until she came to an open door, and paused there

for a moment, irresolute. A tall, pleasant faced nurse, in a grey uniform and white cap, came forward to meet her.

"Who do you want to see, my good woman?" she asked kindly.

"Ef 'ee please, ma'am, I be come to fetch Gideon Seemark, as were took wi' a fit yesterday, an' doctor he sent word as they could'n do he no good."

"Ah yes, you are quite right; he is in this ward, and we were expecting his friends to-day. Poor fellow, it is a sad case, and I fear he will never be any better. Are you his wife?" she added in a tone of quiet sympathy.

A faint flush, like a gleam of wintry sunset, passed for a moment over old Louie's face as she replied simply:—

"No, ma'am, I beant no kin to he, but tes vor the sake ov' old times I be come to take 'en hoam. My poor David wur brother to he," she added in a lower tone, as though no further explanation were needed.

The nurse looked for a moment in silence at the patient face, deeply lined with past sorrow, and with a flash of insight she seemed to understand the pathetic story. Yet with her long experience as sister in charge of the ward, she felt it was her duty to speak one word of warning, of cold worldly common sense.

"My poor friend, do you know what you are doing?" she asked, as with a movement of impulsive sympathy she grasped her visitor's withered, toil-worn hands. "Do you fully understand what a heavy burden you are taking upon yourself? you who are not even a relation? The old man may live for years, becoming ever more helpless and trying; already one side is quite paralyzed, and his speech is affected.

"Ah, dear lady, doant 'ee try to put I out o' heart!" interrupted Louie. "Tes my duty, an' I see it plain afore me, an' so God help me, I'll find et a blessen too. Why look-y-see, tidden nò more than you good ladies be a doin' here wi' the sick vo'k, from year end to year end!" she added in a tone of conviction.

There was no more to be said, and

Sister Ambrose could only smile back at the brave little woman, whose unconscious heroism struck a responsive note in her inmost soul. Then she gently led her across the ward, between the double row of spotless beds, to a big easy-chair, near the window, in which leant back an old man with a bushy mass of grey hair, and a sunburnt face, whose strongly marked features were deeply seamed and wrinkled by the wear and tear of a long hard life.

He looked up vaguely at first, but a smile of welcome dawned over his face as he recognized the new-comer.

"Why, ef tidden Louie Cole!" he exclaimed, in a thick, indistinct voice. "Tes jest about good ov 'ee vor to come an' zay good-bye, avore I be tookt to the work'us."

"No, no, Gideon, doant 'ee be afeard; thee shadden never go there so long as I do live," cried his friend, with confident assurance.

But the old man only shook his head. "Why didn' 'ee hear tell as all they doctors here caant do I nar a mo'sel o' good? I beant never to do no more work, an' never earn no more wage."

He paused for a moment to take breath, and then with a fresh outburst of bitterness, he continued: "An' my Club, over to Chillerton, as I've a paid in reg'lar, a matter o' vorty year, why he be gone to smash! zo there idden nought save the work'us vor I to die in."

There was silence for a moment, then old Louie turned to Sister Ambrose with a wistful look of apology and said: "He do be a bit hard o' hearing."

So she quietly moved round to the other side, and sitting down on the window bench, she began, in a clear, distinct voice, not loud but penetrating: "Tes all right, Gideon, there idden no call to trouble about that there work'us, vor you be a comen hoam to bide down street, along o' me. Sam Bewley have a ben told to call here for we, this arternoon, an' he'll keep a snug corner for 'ee, as tes market day."

The quiet tone of assurance in which this was spoken, and the mention of the carrier's van, brought

conviction to the old man's mind. Even so, in the far-off past, did the sight of the wagons which had come from Egypt to fetch him, set at rest the last doubts of the patriarch Jacob.

Gideon Seamark made an effort to raise himself, and looked his old friend full in the face.

"Why, Louie! Be thee a goin' to take all the bother o' menden a ram-shacklen wold body, same as I be come to? wi' all the vo'ks a tellen what a fool thee bist?"

"Nay let 'em tell," was the cheerful reply, "tes well for they to laugh as wins!"

Still there was something on his mind, and presently he added in a lower voice: "An' look-ee Mis'ess, can 'ee make room vor my poor Topsy? Her idden no great shakes to look at now, but La' bless 'ee, there never wur a finer tabby, an' us could'n be parted now, arter all these years."

The old woman nodded a smiling assent; for that he should think so fondly of his old cat at such a moment, almost took away her power of speech.

Gideon sank back on his propped-up pillows, with a sigh of complete, ineffable satisfaction. His lips moved, and Sister Ambrose stooped down to catch the broken words:—

"Tes tar'ble good ov 'ee, Louie, to let I bide down to Combe wi' all the vo'k I knows, an' a kind body to mind I. Tidden as ef I wur wu'th et, but there, I zee et plain—tess all vor the love thee bore to our David."

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THOMAS HUGHES.

On March 25th was buried quietly at Brighton the body of one whom all that knew him, and many who did not, spoke of and thought of as Tom Hughes.

The mind of the present writer runs back thirty years, and he recalls his excitement and joy when, as a boy, he first saw the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" in the flesh. He had come to see his son; and his son's school-

fellow remembers how he wrote an extra letter to his home that week giving accurate details of the hero's height, complexion, hair (of this, even in those days, there was not much), his look, his voice. The voice was heard at the boys' Debating Society trouncing a profane young Tory who did not speak of Mr. Gladstone with the respect due to so good and great a man; during the last decade the voice, we may observe, altered somewhat on that topic.

Tom Hughes was just the man to join a boys' debate; he was a boy himself in all essentials to the very end. The title-page of his famous book records that it was written by an Old Boy; and that is precisely what he was. In a recent letter to a young and unknown correspondent in America, he styled himself an old boy of seventy-three. One of the wisest women who ever knew him well called him Master Tom; and Master Tom in certain ways he always was.

No one could have written "Tom Brown's Schooldays" who had not the heart of a boy; and coming from the heart of one boy it entered into the hearts of thousands. "Let it be published," said his old friend Septimus Hansard on seeing the manuscript, "it will be the book for all future public school boys." Rugby knows what he did for cricket and all games. He so loved all manly sports that he loathed the gambling which has come to be so closely connected with too many of them. One of his last public appearances at Chester (where he was a judge of county courts) was as the opponent of the National Sporting League. He loved to confront the strong, as his schoolfellow, Arthur Stanley, loved to befriend the weak.

In Parliament he was a Radical at a time when Radicalism was not the popular and paying creed that it has been sometimes since, but he found it a "heart-breaking place." It may be a good place for the man who only wants to belong to what has been called the best club in London, or who has axes of his own to grind and advertisements of himself to publish, but not a

cheerful home for a man of moral fervor, a man who wants to see some wrong righted, some good work done. Of co-operation he was a pioneer, and stood much storm and stress in its early days, to the no small loss of patrimony. That he bore as a boy might; but when the better days came and his former colleagues waxed fat and kicked, behaved, that is to say, much like other capitalists, he waxed wroth and sad. At one time he was a bit of a Chartist, and joining Kingsley, in the days of Parson Lot, he became the hero of the working men, who in due time carried him, so to say, shoulder-high into Parliament; but when they found him to be no delegate, and saw that in that ample, well-poised head he could carry two ideas and see two sides in some questions, they turned against him and desired another king, some one to represent their narrowness with more fidelity.

As in the State, so in the Church, his breadth of mind was not acceptable. Of his devotion to the Church none who read or heard his words could entertain a doubt; but when, in answer to an invitation, he spoke at a Church Congress some years ago, he was howled at by the bigots of both parties. He preferred Christianity to Churchmanship, and, though fond of faith, thought with Saint Paul that there was something to be said for hope and love. He had no objection to a fight; but, not thinking a Church Congress the best place for one, he did not speak at such gatherings again.

He was for many years a volunteer, inspiring enthusiasm and making friends there as elsewhere. In the army he had two brothers, and to it he sent a son. He was all for outdoor life, at least in theory; of late years he did not take much air or exercise, though he loved the sun to the last, and was about to seek it in Italian skies when he died. His love of outdoor life led him to send two sons out to the prairies of America, and perhaps was partly responsible for the ill-fated scheme of Rugby, Tennessee. Young men were to combine the beauty of

work with the sweetness of home; going out with their own sisters they were in due time to exchange their society for that of other people's sisters. The scheme failed dismally, but the Old Boy never acknowledged, to others at least, that it was more than premature. That scheme recasts America, to which he often went and where he was almost worshipped. He was an ardent Northerner thirty years ago, and his letters to the *Spectator*, recently reprinted as "Vacation Rambles," show what he felt about America and what he said there in 1870. A recent letter to the *Times* from a friend tells us how keen a Northerner he was, and how he lectured that writer on the subject without waiting to discover that he was "preaching to the converted;" that, too, was just like him to the last.

These rambling words, let us here say, make no pretence to tell the story of his life; they only try to show how full of interest and of interests he was. He touched life at so many points, and had so many friends, to say nothing of the thousands who seemed to know him and to love him through his books.

If any one wished to see him angry, he might have been recommended to talk flippant scepticism; to see him bored, nothing was so effective as an allusion to his books, especially to "Tom Brown's Schooldays." He was absolutely devoid of vanity, conceit, or literary spite; he did much to make Lowell's books popular in England, and to the very last was appreciative of the humblest effort in the literary line, never stamping upon the smoking flax.

He had two human masters, Doctor Arnold and F. D. Maurice; these were the mainsprings of his life. The teaching of the latter he carried to the Working Men's College, where he did much for a long time, and of which he was for eleven years principal. There lies near us an address presented to him on his resigning that position in 1883.

Of the Co-operative Congress he was elected chairman in 1866, as is testified by a large mug adorned by a

terrible picture of that official. Of the Crystal Palace also he was chairman. For many years his face was familiar in the best society in London, using the adjective in no fashionable sense. Personages may have been refreshed to meet a man who was too much of a boy to approach them with bent back or bated breath. The author of "The Book of Snobs," it may be observed, was one of his closest friends. Most of his early intimates, such as Septimus Hansard and Matthew Arnold, had gone before him, but Dean Bradley, the Reverend John Llewelyn Davies, and Mr. J. M. Ludlow, to name three only, yet remain. Looking back on his whole life, one is moved to say of him what he said of his brother George (in his charming "Memoir of a Brother") and of Theodore Walrond, that he did much to keep the atmosphere of life clean and sweet about him. He was essentially a wholesome and a manly man. "The Manliness of Christ" is, some think, one of the most attractive of his books.

He had his oddities, his limitations, but they need not be mentioned here. He loved, as he expressed it, to "sit at home in his own mind," and a roomy, well-furnished place to sit in it was. His memory was marvellous, not for details of daily life, but for long passages of poetry, odds and ends, quaint Berkshire stories, with which he would illustrate and illumine passing topics. A talker he was not, save in an interjectional, exclamatory or declamatory fashion, at least in later years. His imaginative power was so great that he fancied he disliked the daily and weekly papers. As a fact, few people were fonder of them or read them with greater assiduity; and though he may have liked "staying in his own mind" he was also fond of travel in foreign countries, as may be seen from his letters sent to the *Spectator* under the signature Vacuus Viator, from 1862 to 1895, and republished, as has been said, last year.

His liberality was wonderful. Until the letters addressed to him fell into other hands, no one knew how many



asked help of him, and got it. He was not always wise in this matter; his boyish trustfulness being in this, as in some other things, his bane. He believed almost any story, recognized fictitious claims, gave large sums, forgot that he had given, and therefore gave again. Such a man, such a boy, wanted some one by him to shield, support, and cheer him, for though cheery he was not always cheerful; some one full of sympathy, courage, common sense; some one to see things as they are; some one to attend to the small things of life, and not only to the panaceas, the great schemes. Those who knew Tom Hughes know, and those who did not may be glad to hear, that such a friend he had.

He has gone from us and left a gap in the world, in many hearts, in many homes. His words and deeds have helped to make some idle men useful citizens and some old men feel young; his sunny face and cheery greeting have brightened many lives. If some forgot him, Rugby did not, but wished to have his body buried at the school that he loved and served so well.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE VIRGINIA WATER HERONRY.

The lake of Virginia Water is, in a sense, the result of the battle of Culloden. George, Duke of Cumberland, was, like the Duke of Cambridge, not only commander-in-chief but also ranger of several royal parks and forests. These offices he filled in a very creditable manner. In the New Forest, of which he was appointed ranger, he was the first to improve the breed of the forest ponies by bringing thoroughbred sires into the district, one of these being "Marske," the sire of "Eclipse," and as ranger of Windsor Park he created Virginia Water. It is said that his object in so doing was to find occupation for the additional soldiers whom the king desired to keep with the colors even after the Rebellion of 1745 had been crushed. It is equally probable

that their presence suggested such employment. In either case the result was a happy one, and highly creditable to the duke's good taste. The main valley, then a swampy heath, with two narrow glens running back into the hills, were covered with the shining level of the new lake, which thus became the largest of all the "Surrey Ponds." The designer was so careful to observe the character of the natural lakes of that county, which are for the most part pools collected in shallow reservoirs without either dam or waterfall, that though the temptation to make a cascade was not to be resisted, he hid it round a corner so as to be invisible except when sought, and the lake fills the valley without exhibiting any trace of its artificial origin. Even George IV.'s temples and tea-house make little difference in the wild appearance of the seven miles of its circumference, while the size and beauty of the timber, both native and foreign, which was then planted show the wonderful fertility of the light Surrey soil. Some of the spruce-firs tower to a height of ninety feet, rhododendrons grow as if native to the soil, and the Mediterranean pines have outgrown the prim formality which usually marks the imported conifer in England, and are twisted, broken, and fantastic as if they grew on a slope of the Apennines instead of the side of a Surrey hill. The saying that "all good things go well together" is well illustrated by the charm of this well established foreign timber in its English environment, and the occasional glimpse of a pair of roe-deer which were long ago introduced into the woods, suggests a link with the forests of Scotland or of the demesne of Fontainebleau. By the end of the third week in April all the larger native birds are nesting in these woods, and the combination of timber, water, grassy glades, and evergreens attracts them in numbers unequalled anywhere in the neighborhood of London. It is very doubtful whether in any part of Windsor Forest itself so much of the life of our resident birds can be seen in the course of a few hours as on the

margin of his beautiful lake. Woodpeckers, both of the green and lesser spotted species, wood-pigeons in flocks, jays, crows, pheasants, a few wild-ducks, and lastly a colony of herons, are all nesting round its shores. At the present time, when the foliage of the deciduous trees is only partly out, and the undergrowth of summer has yet to spring up, these birds are seen more easily and at closer quarters than at any other season. The ground between the tree trunks is clear of rank growth, the bracken is dead and beaten flat by winter rains and its young shoots not yet uncurled, the brambles are leafless, the wood-ruff not half a foot high, and the brown carpet of dead leaves only broken by the wild hyacinths and primrose tufts and green arum leaves. The cock-pheasants, which have already learnt that shooting-time is past, stray fearlessly in this open ground, the reds and browns of their spring plumage shining like a bunch of red wallflower blossom spangled with gold. The turf which fringes the eastern arm of the lake is set at intervals with groups and single trees of Oriental pines. In one of these a pair of green woodpeckers have drilled a hole, and, having completed their morning's work of wood-boring, spend the sunny hours of the afternoon in searching for ants'-nests in the turf, where the hot sun and April showers have tempted the emmets to open their galleries to the air. From the head of the eastern arm of the lake, a long grass glade, set at intervals with ancient thorns, is haunted by another pair of the green woodpeckers, while the call of others is heard at intervals from all parts of the northern wood.

Next to the placid levels of the lake itself this background of high wood is the characteristic feature of Virginia Water. It clothes the southern face of the line of hill which begins at Egham, and forms all the high ground of Windsor Forest. Steep, sheltered from the north and east, and formed of that mixture of light loam and peat which seems to suit every tree alike in the Surrey woodlands, from oaks to rho-

dodendrons, it exhibits every various shade of leaf and foliage, from the tall spruces on the summit of the hill down to the alders, now covered with black tassels and blacker buds, which dip into the lake. Half-way up the slope, and parallel with the water, runs a natural avenue between groves of beech. Every inch of its floor is set with emerald moss, embroidered with fallen beech-nut husks and the red envelopes of the young leaves that have opened. The whole hillside is a natural nursery of young trees. Under the sycamores hundreds of seedlings a foot high are spreading their leaves to the "yonge sonne" of April, tiny rhododendrons spring unbidden by the side of the peaty ditches in the hollows, and young alders shooting up by the drain-sides have choked the streams with richly odorous tangles of horned-moss, dead leaves, and the delicate débris of the minor vegetation of the wood. On the highest point of the hill-line, facing the columns of the Greek temple which George IV. constructed from fragments brought from Corinth and Cyrene, is the heronry. The trees in which the birds build are grouped around the head of a coombe leading to the lake. The tiny valley, not seventy yards in length from its rise in the hillside to where it loses itself in the lake, is an example in miniature of the natural formation common to the woodland coombes of Surrey. At the bottom, where the stream soaks into it, lies its tiny alder copse. Above lie groups of wild cherry, now white with blossom, and of seedling pines. At the head of the glen, in a grassy semi-circle which seems the natural theatre for a sylvan play, are three or four feathery birches, tossing their branches like cascades of green drops from crown to foot, while round the upper rim of the hollow are ranged the tall columns of spruces, larches, and pines in which the herons build, and from whose summits they can survey the vast extent of lower country lying to the south, and the lake from end to end, for the grove stands on the promontory which divides the northern from the eastern arm of

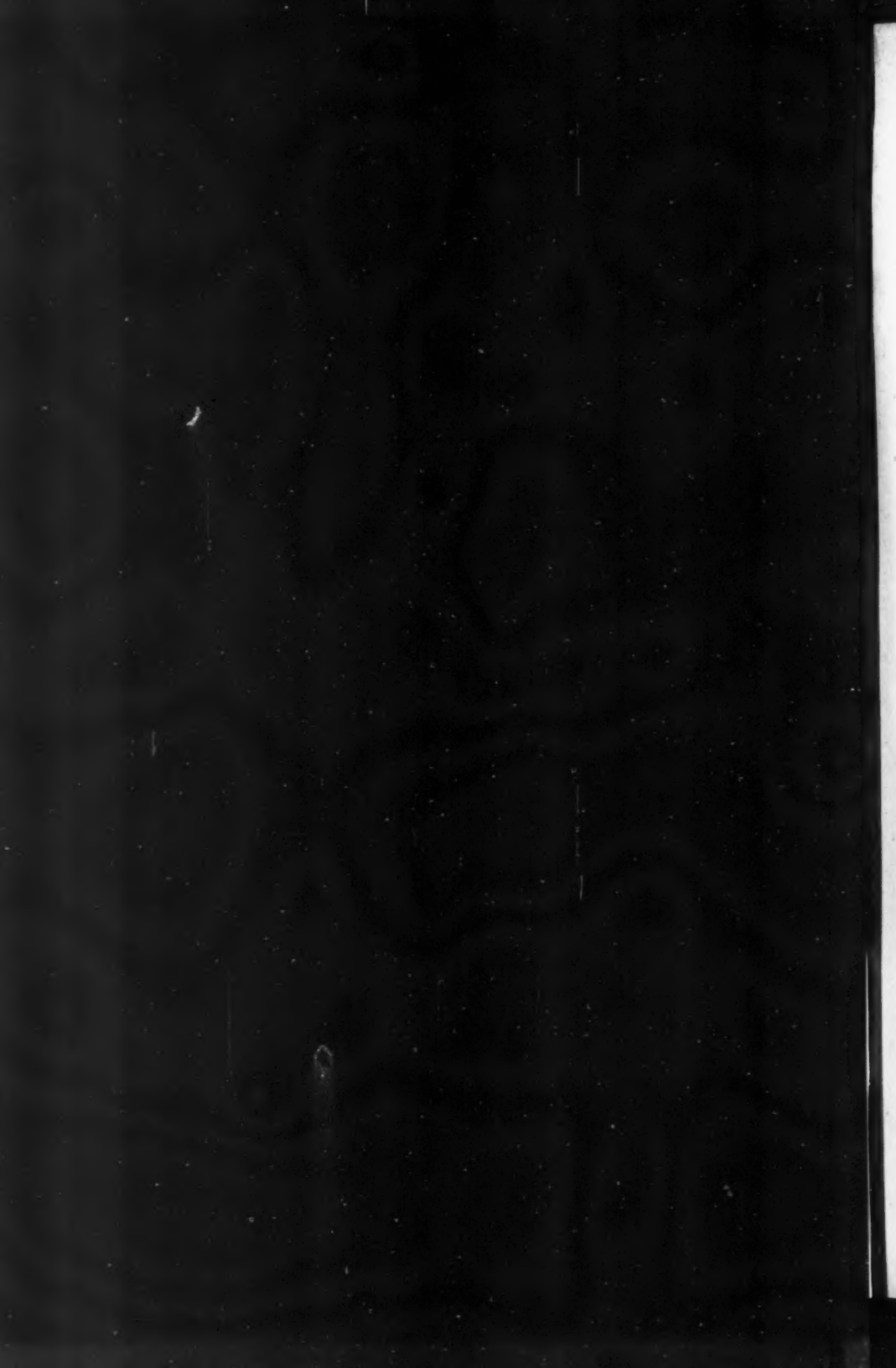
the mere. Chance enabled us to measure the height of these trees. A single spruce had been uprooted by a storm, and lay prostrate, with the remains of an old heron's nest among its branches. It was seventy-four feet in length, and judging by its girth was not the tallest in the grove. One of these trees, partly decayed, was perforated at a height of thirty feet by a series of holes like the stops in a flute, the successive nesting-places hollowed out in different years by a pair of lesser spotted woodpeckers, whose drumming note was heard in the wood close by. The herons, though some of their young were hatched, were extremely shy, slipping noiselessly from nest after nest, and disappearing in the wood. Only five returned to circle above the trees, and these were attracted mainly by the incessant "clattering" of a brood of forward young birds in an isolated nest on the hill. Young storks as well as young herons use this curious alarm-note, which might perhaps be of service to frighten a cat which climbed to the stork's-nest on a Dutch house, but is much more likely to cause danger by attracting the

notice of visitors to herons in an English wood. The silence and speed with which the old birds, in spite of their size, vanished from off their nests and behind the screen of spruce-tops was remarkable. In this close cover they slipped away without the rustle of a feather or disturbing a single leaf by the stroke of their five-foot wings. The nests, of which we discovered eleven, were all in the loftiest trees, but though spruce-firs were the favorites, others were placed in larches and some in Scotch firs. Large heronries seem unusual in Surrey and the southern counties. At Wanstead Park in Epping Forest the heronry holds fifty nests, and recently numbered sixty-eight. But in Surrey and Kent from ten to fifteen nests seems the usual average. The colony at Chilham Park, near Canterbury, probably exceeds this number; but at Richmond Park, Virginia Water, Vinney Ridge in the New Forest, Stag Wood in Woolmer Forest, the numbers have not increased in proportion to the time during which the colonies have been established.

*The Extermination of Wild Animals.*—In this country we have no Wild Beast Question; we got rid of our bears and wolves and sundries of that sort a good many years ago. But this happy state of things does not exist everywhere. India, for instance, has always an open account, which runs into large amounts in a year, regarding snakes and crocodiles, besides the tigers and other carnivores that are notoriously of unpleasant proclivities, and in Australasia the State has taken to paying eightpence a head on dead kangaroos, besides the per-headage on the superfluous rabbit. To come much nearer home than this, we have France rewarding the wild-beast exterminator by payment on results, and we have Norway doing the same thing on a much larger scale. The Norwegian accounts show that this business is unexpectedly extensive. For instance, payment was made in 1894 on 57 bears, 37 wolves, 44 lynxes, 46 gluttons, and—mention it not among the enthusiasts in pink!—on 8,646 foxes!

The year before claims were allowed on 72 bears, 50 wolves, 56 lynxes, 40 gluttons, and 11,400 foxes—why does not somebody take a pack of hounds to Norway? Among us we cry shame when some unsentimental gamekeeper shoots an eagle to prove he saw it. In Norway in 1893 rewards were paid for shooting 969 eagles, and last year for shooting 1,081 of them. Hawks, too, the ordinary Englishman treats with scant ceremony, but in Norway they are getting cleared out at the rate of close on five thousand a year. The hawk-shooter and the eagle-shooter do not, however, make much at their trade; all they get is two kroner—say about two shillings—a head, while the fox-slayer gets four kroner. A bear, a wolf, a lynx, or a glutton is a much more serious fellow to tackle, and they are all well worth the twenty kroner per head. Altogether Norway pays over £2,360 a year in this head-money on wild beasts removed.

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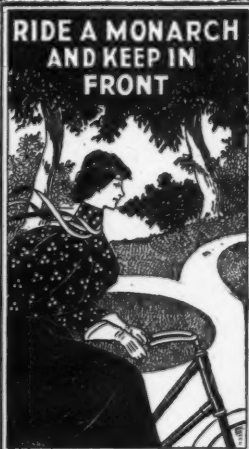
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